TREMORS AFTER PRAGUE **GEORGE CHARNEY**

THE NATION

MAY 15, 1972 50 cents

The Arizona *Republic* Gamble
A Good Editor Loses His Bet
Daniel Ben-Horin

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Vision or Hoax?
THE 'NEW-TOWN' MIRAGE
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The UAW Looks Ahead
WOODCOCK: A VOICE, NOT AN ECHO
B. J. WIDICK

Higginbotham: *The War of American Independence*
Ramon Powers

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LETTERS

landslide

Walnut Creek, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: The Democratic Party has within its grasp the greatest landslide victory in next November's Presidential election since Franklin Roosevelt's second-term election. This will come about if George McGovern is nominated for President and Edward Kennedy for Vice President. Due to his youth, it would be to Kennedy's advantage to accept the Vice Presidency at this time. He could serve two terms as Vice President and then should practically automatically become President for the next two terms. . . .

Meldon C. Belknap

lawful

St. Louis, Mo.

DEAR SIRS: In several places, including *The Nation*, I have lately come across the implication that it is a violation of the Hatch Act for federal employees to make political contributions.

The following is quoted from the Code of Ethical Conduct issued annually by the Post Office to all employees:

> *Political Activity*: It is lawful for officials and employees to make voluntary contributions not in excess of $5,000 in the aggregate during any calendar year, to regularly constituted political organizations, provided such contributions are not made in a Federal building.

Is the McGovern Presidential committee a regularly constituted political organization? In any case, what is to prevent anyone from stuffing a $10 bill in an envelope and mailing it to the candidate of his choice? *Robert Little*

a perversity called freedom

The following letter was recently addressed to H. S. Geneen, president of ITT, by a group of seventy-six men and women who have organized themselves into the Missioners Committee on International Awareness, Santiago de Chile.

DEAR SIRS: We, a group of U.S. Protestant and Catholic missioners working in Chile, are indignant over the injustice of the actions of the ITT in your attempt to prevent Dr. Salvador Allende from becoming President of Chile in 1970. This is not a single, isolated case of intervention by U.S. interests in Latin American internal affairs but merely another in a long history of such meddling and machinations.

We address this public letter to you because this time it is the ITT that has been found out. We are quite conscious of both the extent and the complexity of this kind of intervention, and of the great web of commercial, military and governmental interests that promote such activity, both from the United States and within the Latin nations. . . .

As Christian missioners seeking the integral development of man, we are involved at many levels of the Chilean reality and share the desire of this people to construct their society on justice, hard work, equality and solidarity. We understand Chile's rejection of the capitalist model of development and also the growing support for socialism in this continent. We recognize the Chilean people's inalienable right to independence and self-determination. We condemn, therefore, the plotting of the ITT as if it were the right of a U.S. corporation, the CIA or the U.S. Government to decide Chile's future, or that of any other sovereign people.

In Mr. E. J. Gerrity's letter to you on October 20, 1970, he stated: "Freedom is dying in Chile and what that means to Latin America, and to us—to free men everywhere—is not pleasant to contemplate." We find this to be one of the most ironic phrases in the entire set of ITT documents. Whose freedom was dying—that of the Chilean laborer,

(Continued on page 628)

EDITORIALS

After Hoover

We had few good words for J. Edgar Hoover while he lived and can see no reason to repeat them now that he is dead. But neither do we rejoice, for the office is still there and no man in the future should be allowed to exercise the power that was enjoyed and abused by Hoover.

Herein lies a great opportunity for the Senate and the House. On balance, the President has acted wisely in naming L. Patrick Gray 3rd, as acting director of the FBI. The decision is wise because it will leave the question of the permanent successor open until after the election. If the Democrats win, they will of course make their own nomination; and would probably have done so even if Nixon had made a permanent appointment. On the other hand, if Nixon wins, he will—one may safely assume—make a political and partisan appointment. That is one more consideration for the voters to remember.

Meanwhile, there is no reason why the Congress should mark time between now and November 7. For until then, the Congress has been "liberated" from the FBI, and is free to act. It is widely believed, and in all probability true, that Hoover's files contain derogatory, or at least potentially embarrassing, information on many members of Congress. As long as he lived, the sword of public exposure hung over all those heads. And it may hang there again, unless Congress acts now to curb the powers of the director and the Bureau to investigate on FBI initiatives and for FBI purposes. In the same week that Hoover died, Jack Anderson reported that the director was in the habit of amusing President Johnson with tidbits of bedroom gossip about prominent individuals who were not under formal investigation for any reason. Responsible publications have charged, over the years, that informants feed—and are encouraged to feed—information to the Bureau about corporate executives and other individuals who are not suspected of any wrongdoing. Now, therefore, is the time for Congress to find out, in detail, just what the FBI has been doing in these areas. Finding the facts is the precondition to stopping such practices, and confirmation hearings on a permanent director will not provide the scope, or the time, to conduct the kind of investigation into FBI policies and practices that has been needed now for nearly fifty years.

In planning such an investigation, which can be concluded between now and November 7, Congress might well start with the findings and recommendations which emerged from a conference of scholars, lawyers, journalists and former FBI officials and agents that was sponsored by the Committee for Public Justice at Princeton University in October 1971. (The conference was the outgrowth of a proposal advanced in these pages by H. H. Wilson, of the Princeton faculty, "The FBI Today: The Case for Effective Control," February 8, 1971; see also a report on the conference itself by Arlie Schardt in *The Nation* of November 22, 1971.) The findings and recommendations of the conference are being published in book form by Doubleday & Co. under the title *Investigating the FBI*. Some of the questions which the conference raised

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suggest the scope of a formal Congressional investigation:

> Is the FBI's performance in law enforcement as efficient and effective as public interest demands?
>
> How secret are Bureau operations and policy formulations? To what extent are they subject to public control?
>
> Do the Bureau's activities threaten the civil rights and liberties of Americans, especially in the loyalty and subversive activities areas?

A sample of the recommendations also indicates the direction in which such an investigation should move:

> Counterespionage and intelligence functions should be separated from routine criminal law-enforcement duties, since each requires special background and training.
>
> There should be a thorough annual review of the Bureau's budget by the Attorney General and the appropriate committees of the Congress. This should include scrutiny of fund requests for activities, such as eavesdropping and informer payments, about which public questions have been raised.
>
> Congress and the Justice Department should require the FBI, like other federal agencies, to submit an itemized budget instead of operating on block appropriations.
>
> FBI agents should enjoy civil service status. They should have the right to challenge abuses of the civil liberties of others and unfair departmental punishments.
>
> The FBI's intelligence gathering powers should be defined in terms of the enforcement of the criminal law and investigation of its violations.
>
> Dissemination of derogatory information about individuals should be limited in the main to the fact of a conviction for a crime, not mere arrests.
>
> Generally, citizens should have a right to see and challenge all information collected about them, and there should be rational guidelines for purging outdated or misleading information from FBI files.

These are but a few of many excellent recommendations to be found in the conference report. If Congress does not act now, the opportunity will be lost and may not arise again for another half century. Let Congress hear from organizations with an interest in the work of the Bureau and its functions. Let it hear from such former officials and agents as: William C. Sullivan, Bernard F. Connors, Jack Levine, William Turner, John F. Shaw and others. Let it question, also, the top FBI officials who wrote threatening and abusive letters to Senator McGovern when he had the audacity to suggest that Hoover resign. There is time enough to worry about Hoover's permanent successor but such an investigation as we propose must be made now or it will not be made.

CAMPAIGN '72
The Center Fallacy

With Muskie out, writes Ted Lewis in his New York *Daily News* column, "only George McGovern stands in the way of a national political calamity—a rerun of the 1968 Nixon-Humphrey campaign." There is, of course, always the possibility of a deadlock at Miami and the nomination of a dark horse or the draft of Sen. Edward Kennedy. But Senator Kennedy may soon follow Senator

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Ribicoff's example and endorse McGovern, and that would lessen, if it did not eliminate, the draft possibility. These speculations aside, Lewis is dead right: a rerun of the absurd Nixon-Humphrey campaign would be calamitous. That would be so, not only because Nixon would probably be re-elected but because such a rerun would alienate millions of voters and undermine their residual confidence in the political process. Humphrey, writes Lewis, is a "throwback" to the old politics. "Can the nation," he asks, "stand again the kind of campaign he would wage, and still bother to vote in November?"

Fortunately, there is reason to believe that McGovern will continue to gain and that Humphrey will fall behind. In both Indiana and Ohio, Humphrey was the loser in the sense that, with Muskie out, he should have made much better showings. The post-withdrawal vote for Muskie is significant, in that it shows not so much a continuing personal loyalty to him as reluctance on the part of Center elements to accept Humphrey. McGovern's performance in Ohio is the more remarkable because he did not decide to enter that primary until April 9. Indiana should have been a setup for Humphrey: he ran as a well-known organization Democrat, well financed, warmly supported by labor leaders and pitted against Wallace, a party outlaw. Yet it is obvious that Hubert's "progressive, vital Center" pitch did not kindle much enthusiasm. Voters do have memories and many of them no doubt recall those 1967 photographs of Humphrey embracing the segregationist, Lester Maddox, when he was Georgia's Governor.

There are disadvantages as well as advantages to being well known; after a time, voters catch on. By now, they know that Hubert will warmly and smilingly promise anything to any substantial block of voters—he ran "against the bosses" in Pennsylvania and "with the bosses" in Indiana and has lately been taking a benign view of state aid to parochial schools—and then smilingly, in the best of humor, promptly forget what he has promised. To date, he has been reluctant to discuss the major issue of the Vietnamese War, either on or off the campuses. He almost never mentions it in his speeches, although it invariably comes up in the questioning. Democrats who want the war ended should realize that on this issue Humphrey is the last Democrat who should be nominated to oppose Nixon. Even if an open split were avoided at Miami, a large section of the majority Democratic Party would simply not vote for Humphrey.

But apart from Humphrey's obvious weaknesses as a candidate, there is a solid reason why he is not likely to be nominated. Since 1947, when Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., wrote *The Vital Center*, the bizarre notion that the Center has tremendous vitality has gained wide acceptance. Of recent years the Scammon-Wattenberg team has raised it to the level of dogma. Always dubious, the fragility of this belief has been dramatized by McGovern's strong showing. "Center" is a relative term. The hypothetical Center in, say, 1948, is not the Center in 1972. Responding to climactic events, attitudes have changed and positions have shifted. For example, McGovern has been doing very well in the suburbs because, no doubt, a substantial section of the middle class—and not just the upper-middle class, as the pundits would have it—is strongly opposed to the war and has come to see that "me-too-ism," loyalty to the Establishment, and the hot pursuit of the theoretical Center has badly compromised the political process as a means of coping with today's problems. Muskie set out to submerge ideological differences and to enlist a centrist following. Yet endorsements by party leaders did not help him because, as James M. Naughton points out in *The New York Times*, many voters are fed up with the Establishment "and much that it has wrought." Naughton quotes one Muskie backer as saying: "Backing Muskie is the last pragmatic decision I'll ever make." In apocalyptic times pragmatism ceases to be a prime value. Humphrey is even more an Establishment figure than Muskie. Labor leaders endorsed him in Indiana and Ohio, but it is obvious that a large section of the rank and file ignored the hint.

Moreover, the polls have shown for a long time that the Center position is withering. In the Democratic Party, and noticeably since the new rules were adopted, the center of gravity has shifted to the Left. The army that has now enlisted in support of McGovern, eager for active participation and issue-oriented, will reshape the Democratic Party and dominate it for years to come—if it is not driven out of politics by the nomination of Humphrey. Lou Harris, the pollster, has explained what has happened to the old Center, which is not and never was very vital:

> A new coalition is shaping up for change—those at the top of the economic ladder and those at the bottom (such as blacks and Spanish-speaking people), along with younger people under 30, whose views we find on key political issues to be substantially different from those over 50. This new coalition is in the ascendancy mainly because we are expanding our affluent group. . . . We now estimate the $15,000 and over income group is changing from 11 per cent of the electorate in 1968 to 21 per cent in 1972. The under-30 voters, aided and abetted by the new 18-year-old vote, are moving up from 19 per cent to 24 per cent of the likely voters. Pitted against this coalition for change is another which is essentially committed to the *status quo*. This is made up almost entirely of whites, heavily larded with Southern whites, many of the skilled labor unionists, older people and traditional conservatives. This coalition is rooted in the small towns and rural parts of America. But this part is shrinking in both numbers and influence in our society, claims of the silent majority notwithstanding.

* * *

"Scoop" Jackson is now a dropout. The reason, he says, is lack of funds, but funds are just what he has never lacked. He has still not given us a report on contributions he received before April, when the new rules went into effect, and he won't. Even as he was bowing out—after doing his best to red-bait McGovern in Ohio—a stockholder was tossed out of Boeing's annual meeting in Seattle for proposing a resolution which would have required the company to open its books for an investigation of alleged violations of the Federal Corrupt Practices Act and the Federal Election Campaign Act of 1972. Jackson, who charged McGovern with being spokesman for "some of the dangerous and destructive currents in American politics," would no doubt regard this stockholder as unpatriotic. In Ohio, McGovern made, in response to Jackson's needling, perhaps the best statement on the war he has made thus far. Mounting public opposition to it, he said, has driven President Nixon "to secrecy and deception

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in defense of policies which cannot be defended in a rational manner. This deteriorating corruption has come to menace the entire structure of democracy."

* * *

The Kleindienst nomination will now be debated by the Senate, but will the underlying issues be explored or will the debate turn on the nominee's susceptibility to "amnesia" and his attempt to mislead the Senate? The fact is that many Senators themselves suffer acute amnesia on the score of antitrust policies. It is evident now, or should be, that the Kefauver-Celler amendments of 1950 to the Sherman Act were indeed intended to prevent acquisitions by conglomerates. Heretofore both parties have been reluctant to acknowledge the fact; in the wake of the ITT scandal, it can no longer be denied. Senator Tunney, a leader in the fight against the Kleindienst nomination, suggests that means should be found to keep the White House and Department of Justice—that is, politics—out of antitrust enforcement. But that is precisely what Congress intended to do in 1914 when the Federal Trade Commission was created. Over a period of years, weak-kneed FTC officials permitted the Department of Justice to usurp the enforcement function. Also Democratic critics of the ITT settlement have not seemed to realize that the various reasons cited by the Administration to justify it —its effects on the balance of payments, on investor confidence, on the stock market, etc.—should never have been considered. Actually, only one circumstance would legally justify conglomerate acquisitions (that is, acquisitions outside the industry of the acquiring company). If the company to be acquired is failing or in danger of bankruptcy, acquisition may be legal. This consideration aside, if the acquisition will substantially lessen competition, it is not to be permitted. The upcoming debate may stimulate the Senate to examine its amnesia about the laws of its own making.

CAREY MCWILLIAMS

Management Versus Engineering

What conclusion can one draw from the fact that in the last five months the auto industry recalled more cars than it sold? Isn't this a grave reflection on U. S. industrial know-how and engineering efficiency? No, not really. *Time* says (May 8) that "for all its vaunted management talent and technological capability, the auto industry is having increasing trouble building cars that can hold together." Up to a point, that is true. We have become familiar with such corrective measures as the recall of 6.7 million 1965-69 Chevrolets whose motor mounts are perhaps defective, and the even stranger case of Ford's recall of 436,000 1972 Torinos and Montegos, whose rear axles and wheels have a tendency to drop off while the car is in motion (the legal speed limit on some interstate highways is now 70 mph). At first, Ford thought it would be sufficient to install a retainer plate on the rear axle; then, harkening to complaints by Ralph Nader and others, it decided on that as an interim measure, to be followed by a second session in the shop to replace the whole axle.

Where *Time* is mistaken is in coupling management talent and technological capability, as if they were two aspects of the same thing, and as if these wholesale recalls —which, aside from the implied danger, are a nuisance to the car owners—demonstrate that the engineers had made "the wrong compromises between safety, cost and speed considerations." The fact is that automotive engineers have always been subservient to management, which has the power to promote and demote, hire and fire. In "American Technology: The Big Machine Breaks Down" (*The Nation,* March 20) Seymour Melman gets to the root of the problem. Melman, professor of industrial engineering at Columbia University, ascribes the trouble to the pursuit of the fast buck, plus military priorities: the result, "an epidemic of industrial incompetence. . . ."

Commenting on the automobile industry's current difficulties (which are also the automobile owner's difficulties) Melman describes how "quality control" operates in practice. A standard is set, but it is impossible for any product in mass production to adhere exactly to that standard. All that can be expected is that the product will fall within a given range—if the standard is 90 per cent, the product will come off the line plus or minus, say, 5 per cent. Every high school student who has not shied away from physics knows that measurements are never precisely on the nose; there is always some error, be it one-tenth or one-millionth off the norm. For some measurements a tenth plus or minus is adequate; for others, a millionth may not be good enough.

In automobile manufacture, management decides what is good enough. If the standard is 100 per cent, some of the cars may come off the line at 85 per cent, and that may get by. But if there should be a further decline to, say, 80 per cent—and that happens on an assembly line —the cars may be unsafe. That may happen only part of the time, but usually no one knows when it happened and when it didn't and the result is that hundreds of thousands of cars of a given model may have to be recalled before they have been broken in by their owners. Or the fault may not become obvious until after years of road wear; then the recalls may mount into the millions.

Note that when the standard and its "tolerance" are set too low in order to improve profits *this* year, profits and the company's reputation suffer in later years. But the way industrial managers' minds work, what counts is the balance sheet this year—it is the fount of management salaries, promotions, stock options, etc. Money saved by inadequate standards is then poured into advertising. The long-term result is that foreign cars take over ever larger shares of the market. The managers of the foreign manufacturers are not angels either, but they know that they won't stand a chance in the American market if their quality standards aren't better than those of their American competitors.

In his *Nation* article, Melman urged the adoption of enforceable quality standards for industrial products. General compliance with such standards would actually *increase* long-term profits. But that would also involve higher standards for management. And finally, a word to the engineers, whether of automobiles or pop-up toasters. If an engineer doesn't know when quality standards are too low, he's not much of an engineer. If he knows, and allows management to make crucial decisions in this field, he is a fool. It is not management that will be out on the street when the hunt is on for scapegoats; it will be the engineer.

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Is Freedom Inalienable?

If not, it will be alienated, and ultimately destroyed. That is the paramount issue of the Victor Marchetti censorship case. [See Marchetti's "The CIA: The President's Loyal Tool"; *The Nation*, April 3.]

Marchetti, now 42, graduated from Pennsylvania State University in 1955 with a degree in Russian studies and history. He was recruited for the CIA by a professor, who, interestingly enough, was secretly on the agency's payroll as a talent scout. In time, Marchetti was promoted to the CIA executive staff and served finally as executive assistant to Adm. Rufus L. Taylor, deputy director from 1966 to 1969. Marchetti was with the agency for fourteen years, resigning in the same year as did Admiral Taylor. Obviously, Marchetti knows a lot about the CIA—that is part of the trouble.

He was well thought of by his colleagues. Richard Helms, CIA director, presented him with an autographed picture inscribed, "To Vic—With appreciation for his support." But the longer Marchetti served the CIA the less he appreciated it and its work. Among his reasons for leaving he cites "the clandestine attitude, the amorality of it all, the cold-war mentality—these kinds of things made me feel that the agency was really out of step with the times." And: "It's one of my strong beliefs that the CIA has to be more tightly overviewed by Congress. As it is now, the agency operates almost exclusively under the authority of the President." Thus the CIA is one of the factors in the subordination of the legislative branch to the executive. For that matter, once it is let loose on a project, the agency is subordinate to the executive itself only in a very loose sense. As everyone now knows, it is carrying on a war in Laos at a cost of roughly $500 million a year, using tribesmen as mercenaries and running its own airlines, etc. In the Kansas City area it maintains an arsenal, with a "huge inventory" of weapons for its foreign operations; it has bases for training and other purposes elsewhere in the United States.

The Marchetti case assumes constitutional importance because Mr. Marchetti, when he joined the CIA, signed the usual agreement not to write or talk about the agency's activities even after he left it. Marchetti came to the attention of *The Nation* when he wrote a spy novel, *The Rope Dancer*, which had apparent reference to the CIA. Since this was in fictional form it does not appear to have agitated the CIA management; nor did *The Nation* article which, together with some interviews Marchetti gave to newspapers, was read by Admiral Taylor, who had some reservations about accuracy but concluded that there was nothing damaging in any of the material. But when Marchetti contracted with Alfred A. Knopf to write a nonfiction book about the CIA, the government got into action. Although Marchetti is willing to have the CIA review the book for classified material, the government went before U.S. District Judge Albert V. Bryan, Jr. in Alexandria, Va., and obtained a temporary restraining order prohibiting Marchetti from writing the book for Knopf—a book of which he has not yet set down a single line. The American Civil Liberties Union is trying to get the restraining order dissolved, so far without success.

The question raised by the action on behalf of the government is whether a U.S. citizen can agree to waive his freedom of conscience, of thought, of moral sentiment in the manner prescribed by the CIA. The case dramatizes the fact that the CIA is essentially an alien institution—alien to American custom, alien to the Constitution, and incompatible with both the forms and the spirit of democracy. In our view, Marchetti not only has the right but the moral obligation to write his book, just as it was his moral obligation to write the article commissioned by *The Nation*.

A ruling to that effect by the federal courts would not impose an unreasonable limitation on the proper and lawful activities of the CIA, or any other agency. It can set up rules, office policies, and normal administrative means of enforcement, but it cannot compel a former employee to waive his freedom to say or write what he sees fit, once his employment is terminated. If an agency of the government deems something that has been published to be in violation of law, it may proceed against the author and publisher, but pre-censorship is repugnant to American institutions.

Bombing Statistics

Rep. Bella Abzug perhaps excels more in theatrical gifts than in sound legislative labors, but her latest proposal is much to her credit in the latter area. By a vote of 270 to 113, the House rejected her resolution that President Nixon be directed to furnish it with statistics on the recent bombing of North Vietnam. Of course, even if the House had agreed with Mrs. Abzug, the request would not have been mandatory on the President, but in the present fog of censorship enshrouding the war her proposal was particularly apropos. It should be noted that she did not call for current military information, but for data on past events. It is relevant, also, that two correspondents of United Press International were disaccredited on April 27 on charges of having reported troop movements before they were officially released for publication. Since, up to now, these movements have consisted mainly of routs of ARVN divisions, which are apparently under command of American field "advisers," it would seem that no real harm could have been done, and that the grievously frustrated U.S. Military Assistance Command was just throwing its weight around.

Mrs. Abzug's resolution called for the number of bombing sorties and the tonnage of bombs dropped on North and South Vietnam during the first ten days of March and of April; also for current figures on American military personnel and combat troops in South Vietnam. Obviously, what she wanted was a comparison of bombing operations before and after the current assault by the North Vietnamese and the Vietcong. As for American combat and overall strength in South Vietnam, all she had to do was read recent issues of *The Wall Street Journal*. Stories from South Vietnam in that reliable paper leave no doubt that the American forces, military and civilian, are doing nothing except going to the movies and massage parlors and, by their presence, giving the President a pretext for bombing in order, as he says, to protect them.

Rep. F. Edward Hébert, chairman of the House Armed Services Committee, killed Mrs. Abzug's resolution by

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telling the House that the information requested had been given to his committee and was available to any member of the House, but could not be made public. Of course making it public was precisely Mrs. Abzug's objective. Rep. Otis Pike backed Mrs. Abzug saying, "the price we are paying to support South Vietnam must be told to the American people. It is not enough to whisper the answers into the ears of Congressmen. If what we are doing cannot stand the scrutiny of the American people, we should not be doing it."

What with Representative Hébert, and Minority Leader Gerald R. Ford, and the Pentagon, there was little chance of eliciting such information, but Mrs. Abzug should be given credit for a good try.

Old and Hungry

After much talk but no real action to help the nation's elderly, it is good to learn that the President has signed into law a Democratic-sponsored nutrition bill that will provide a two-year, $250 million program of daily hot meals for people over 60. Besides "meals on wheels" for the sick or housebound, communal dining facilities will be provided, to help ease the isolation which closes down on so many people in their "golden years." Another excellent feature is the Administration's plan to assign thousands of elderly federal workers to knock on doors and publicize the program.

Now that Congress has started the ball rolling, let us hope they will take further steps to improve the nutrition of 20.5 million senior citizens, particularly the 5 million who live in poverty. Between one-half and one-third of their health problems are said to be related to nutrition, and these will be helped, though not cured, by one good meal a day.

Last December, the White House Conference on Aging made some excellent suggestions for really solving the problem at no exorbitant cost. The food stamp program could be reorganized to allow the elderly to use stamps for meals bought in restaurants, or for home delivery. Stamps should be mailed, possibly with Social Security checks, instead of making people go and collect them. Also, elderly people should be encouraged to use the program, by allowing more frequent stamp purchases, and by distributing stamps at senior citizens' centers.

One thousand counties still have no food stamp program. In those areas, elderly people receive surplus commodities, which are poorly suited to their use, since they consist mostly of high-calorie foods packed in large quantities. Until this awkward program is phased out, special small packages of more nutritious foods should be provided for older people, as is now done for pregnant women.

Nutrition education is also essential. The White House conference proposed training older people to spread the word to their peers, via community organizations, senior centers and directly into people's homes. The food industry, too, should be more responsive to its older customers. Standards for many prepared foods are disgracefully low, especially for canned, dried and frozen dinners, on which elderly people rely heavily. Labeling reform, particularly listing the percentage ingredients on packaged foods, and the creation of useful consumer grades, would also be a boon—not only to the elderly but to shoppers of all ages.

THE UAW LOOKS AHEAD

Woodcock: A Voice, Not An Echo

B. J. WIDICK
Mr. Widick's Detroit: City of Race and Class Violence *(Quadrangle Press) is published this month.*

That blue-collar stereotype, the hard-hat, would have been uncomfortable at the Auto Workers' convention, held in Atlantic City from April 23 to 28, where 3,000 delegates showed thoughtful concern for their own and their nation's problems. How could he have understood the UAW convention's quiet attention to and admiration for Cesar Chavez of the United Farm Workers, or its rapport with Roy Wilkins, director of the NAACP, or the warm welcome it gave Rep. Bella Abzug? What other major union would have invited as its main speaker the young and brilliant Stephen Lewis, an openly proclaimed Socialist of the Canadian New Democratic Party, who spoke at Atlantic City for the delegates representing 100,000 Canadian auto workers? Lewis' blistering attack on President Nixon's domestic and war policies was a candid challenge to the traditional attitudes of the American labor movement. As he said, a similar speech, which he made a year ago, had almost got him run out of an AFL convention—but this was the UAW, and they listened and applauded.

Two other guests drew rapt attention and standing ovations. Sen. Edward Kennedy roused the expected enthusiasm with blunt comments on the ITT scandal, the war, the failure of national health plans and the pro-business regime in Washington. His remarks about the challenges of the Lordstown strike [see Widick: "The Men Won't Toe the Vega Line," *The Nation*, March 27] in terms of resisting the dehumanization of work were right in tune with previous floor comments by Gary Bryner, president of the Lordstown UAW local.

On the morning after Nixon's TV address of April 26, the delegates listened closely to a speech by John Kerry, leader of the Vietnam Veterans Against the War. He was cheered—as he had been at other UAW gatherings—for his denunciation of the President's policies. Kerry, who is running for Congress in the Fifth District of Massachusetts, took the especially effective course of tying the

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cost of the war to the living standards of American workers.

From the remarks and policy resolutions of UAW leaders, it is evident that the union intends to follow its own convictions on domestic and foreign policy, and on relations with world trade unions. Leonard Woodcock, the president, and other officers are concentrating on the worldwide auto workers' councils, and are looking forward to a trip to Russia and Poland as part of a European tour. The anti-war note could be heard in every major speech by top UAW officials, including those of Emil Mazey and Woodcock.

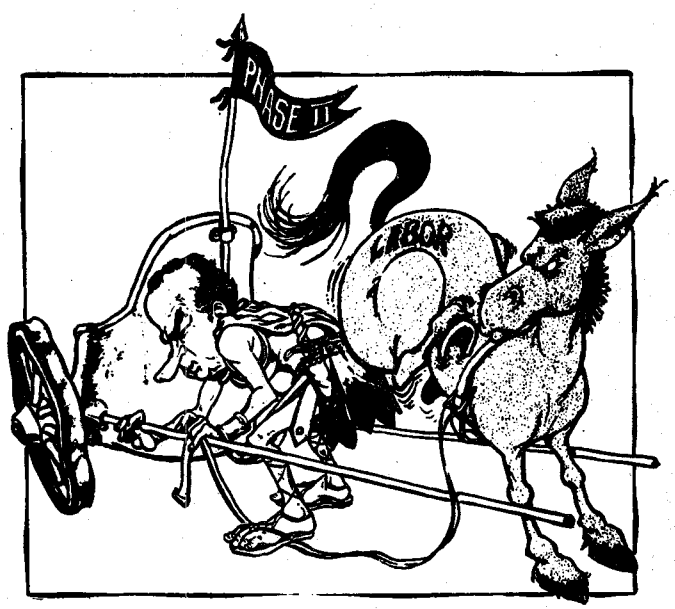
The UAW shows no sign of returning soon to George Meany's camp, and privately it is chagrined by the kind of support it got from the Teamsters' union during the GM strike. The Teamsters seized all of the UAW's property, including Solidarity House, as security against a $25 million loan, which must be paid back in two years, with 8 per cent interest added, if the property is not to be lost permanently. This strikes the UAW as sharp practice among fellow unionists and is a major cause of the demise of the Alliance for Labor Action. Besides, the UAW dislikes the coziness between the Nixon Administration and Frank Fitzsimmons, president of the Teamsters, and it is glad not to be too close at hand, when and if the deadly antagonism between Fitzsimmons and Jimmy Hoffa finally explodes. At a time when informal remarks by AFL-CIO labor leaders suggest that at least some of the building trades, and perhaps the Teamsters, seriously think of supporting Nixon for re-election, rather than George McGovern or Hubert Humphrey (maybe), the UAW is seeking to maintain some pressure to the left of the AFL-CIO bread-and-butter unions. On one issue, there seems to be a semblance of organized political activity. In Michigan, the building trades, the Teamsters and the Auto Workers have worked out plans to cut down George Wallace's primary vote. After that, and from a lack of unified program or obvious candidate, the political course is unclear. That fuzziness, plus the bussing issue, is what makes Michigan unionists worry about Wallace.

The "changing of the guard" in the UAW can be properly understood only within the broad context of UAW policies and programs. It does not represent a break with the principles set down by the Reuthers, though it is definitely an attempt at emancipation from the Reuther mystique. The only significant election within the UAW was the defeat of Paul Schrade, the West Coast director, who more than anyone else symbolized the young and the New Left direction in the union. The consequence is a painful rift in the UAW's leaders that may increase internal tensions. Already two major publications, *The Wall Street Journal* (April 25) and *The New York Times* (April 27) have written obituaries for "Reutherism." Walter and Roy Reuther are dead, and Victor Reuther has just retired as director of the union's department of international affairs. Other well-known "inner circle" Reutherites like Guy Nunn, Brendan Sexton, Jack Conway and Frank Winn are gone.

The sharp remarks by Schrade, and the intemperate reply from Leonard Woodcock, which exploded on the convention floor after the elections, suggest how deep the split has gone. Woodcock's staff had campaigned against Schrade, and he had refused to stop them. People in the offices of aerospace director Bannon and UAW vice president Pat Greathouse urged Schrade's defeat. On the other hand, Emil Mazey and Douglas Fraser intervened to help Schrade and the national caucus endorsed him. All these are signs of friction at the top which may become worse. However, one should remember that the UAW grew despite factionalism, long before Walter Reuther took power, and that its ranks are always on the alert against power plays and bureaucratic entrenchment. An administration proposal to extend the terms of locally elected officers to three years died at the national caucus meeting. The UAW retains its vitality and it was interesting to see the pleasure UAW delegates took from Bryner's attack on General Motors. They took pride in this young man, and clearly realize that the young will have their say.

As a matter of fact, "Reutherites" are still running the UAW; it is just that they are tired of running it in the shadows of the past. Woodcock, for example, was over the years closer to Walter Reuther than anyone except his two brothers. Woodcock was chief of staff during Reuther's climb to power. Emil Mazey is still secretary-treasurer; Irving Bluestone, the new vice president, came up as a Reuther protégé. What is happening is that Woodcock, a tough-minded executive, is determined to place his stamp on the union, and Schrade, the "maverick," irritated him.

Two years ago Walter Reuther intervened to "save"



Uluschak, Edmonton Journal (Canada)

Schrade's position, but he was not here to do it this time. Failure to win the support of the majority of blacks and Chicanos in his own district hurt Schrade, even though Chavez publicly praised him for helping the agricultural workers. If Schrade expands his own power base, as he has declared is his intention, he will return more formidable than ever. In union politics, a broad base of rank-and-file support is the assurance of victory. That was how Reuther used to win.

Until the UAW recovers from the huge cost of the GM

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strike, and repays the Teamsters, its social activism will be limited: the money simply isn't there. But that is a temporary embarrassment. Woodcock and his colleagues are at least as ambitious as Walter Reuther used to be, and they are impatient to become recognized as their own men. As the legends of Walter Reuther grow, it will become increasingly impossible to emulate him. Woodcock obviously has a different style, but as a decision maker, no one criticizes him, or thinks him inferior to Reuther. He has shown himself a man of plain words, on the war, for example, and gives every sign of intending to be heard—but as Leonard Woodcock, not as an echo. □

VISION OR HOAX?

THE 'NEW-TOWN' MIRAGE

LEONARD DOWNIE, Jr.
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> If I were not a Fairfax County [Virginia] taxpayer and a resident of the Franconia area [a suburb of Washington], I would be laughing uproariously at the grandiose plans for the proposed "New Franconia."
>
> The blithe and effortless way the planners would solve the attendant problems of this teeming city in suburbia would do credit to a science fiction writer.
>
> I don't wonder that the developers have plenty of private backers. After HUD has poured its untold millions of taxpayers' money into the project, the private sector stands to make a bundle. . . .
>
> In view of the Disneyesque quality of this proposed "New City," I suggest it be renamed "Fantasia."
>
> —*Georgia A. Martin, in a recent letter to* The Washington Post

Aside from the caustically skeptical reaction of this single suburban taxpayer, rosy optimism prevails. If the ambitious plans for New Franconia are realized, homes for 39,000 people and jobs for 25,000 would be provided in an "ecologically harmonious" community built around a miniature monorail transportation system in what is now a gravel pit, with the federal government underwriting much of the estimated cost of $750 million.

"We've got people lining up to invest in this," promised developer Gerald Finn, head of a little known Pennsylvania real estate group that has never built anything like New Franconia before. Finn's attorney told reporters that the HUD officials, who must approve any commitment of federal funds, "have expressed a great deal of enthusiasm for the project." A member of the suburban Fairfax County Board of Supervisors, who would have to make zoning changes for the development, came to the press conference to add that "while nobody has made any commitments to support New Franconia, we are impressed by the effort and thought that have gone into this proposal." The local newspapers gave the announcement large display, and *The Washington Post*'s influential architectural critic, Wolf Von Eckardt, called on "the bureaucrats and politicians" to show that they "really believe in the promise of new towns" by throwing their full support behind this "splendid opportunity to advance American community design."

It is significant that Von Eckardt, an articulate, well-meaning booster of new towns, takes it for granted that his readers already "believe in the promise of new towns" as the solution to the rapid deterioration of America's large cities and the chaotic sprawl of their suburbs. In recent years, city planners, academics, journalists and more and more of the public have been captivated by the idea, with the result that the "politicians and bureaucrats" have been giving increasing government support to new towns. Congress in 1968 and 1970 passed "new communities" legislation that authorized hundreds of millions of dollars in federal financial backing for qualifying projects, and that is now widely interpreted as approval of a "national policy" for new-town development. Just such a commitment had been urged in the 1969 report of the National Committee on Urban Growth Policy, which recommended that 110 new towns and cities be built by the year 2000.

Dozens of projects called new towns have already been started with or without federal support—from well-known Columbia, Md., and Reston, Va., to Westlake, Irvine, Valencia, Mission Viejo and Foster City in California, and from Jonathan and Cedar-Riverside in Minnesota, Park Forest South in Illinois and Stansbury Park in Utah to Lake Havasu City and Litchfield Park, Ariz., Clear Lake City, Tex., and New Orleans East, La.

Big real estate developers, like Kaufman and Broad of California and James Rouse of Columbia, are deeply involved in new-town building. But so also are diverse corporate investors—Goodyear, Westinghouse, Philip Morris, Gulf Oil, Kaiser, Aetna Life, Humble Oil, Burlington, U. S. Gypsum, American-Hawaiian Steamship, Boise Cascade, Connecticut General Life, Stanley Marcus of Nieman-Marcus stores, and the huge Newhall and Irvine ranches.

"The new town movement is about to come of age in America," *Fortune* magazine announced to the business world last autumn. "The decade of the seventies will see scores if not hundreds of such new developments spring up, transforming not just the physical landscape, inside and outside of cities, but the human affairs of millions of Americans as well."

That is the big promise being made for new towns in the United States: the making of a new, far different and

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better urban America. Unfortunately, the impressions I gathered during a two-month, coast-to-coast tour of the projects now under way indicate that, for all the good intentions of its supporters, the new-town movement may well come to be judged a hoax on the American public.

With few exceptions, the best of the developments now being promoted as innovative new towns, including many supported by federal or state programs, are no more than glorified suburbs. They may offer somewhat better public facilities and more attractive faces than the old tract subdivisions, but they are perpetuating rather than solving such nagging problems as wasteful land use, traffic congestion, environmental pollution, inefficient and unequal distribution of public services, economic and racial segregation, and the shortage of decent, reasonably priced housing for low- and middle-income families.

The worst of the projects are land exploitation schemes, designed to produce exorbitant profits at public expense, and attempts by overreaching developers to rescue foundering real estate gambles with government subsidies. Some have already become subjects of local controversy; they could grow into major scandals.

The disappointing details of many of these projects are still not widely known because too many journalists and expert analysts have been content to repeat the planners' and developers' promises. Hopes were high because of what everyone had heard about new towns in Europe. Since the first English "garden cities" of two generations ago pioneered new arrangements of buildings on the landscape to create more public green space, European new-town projects have been experimenting with everything from the creation of entirely separate circulation systems for pedestrians and autos to the incineration of garbage in plants that use the energy thus produced for the new towns.

It was after making a tour of European projects that Thomas L. Ashley, a Democratic Congressman from Ohio, introduced the legislation for expanded government support of U.S. new towns that eventually became Title VII of the 1970 housing bill. Under this and the less expansive 1968 legislation, HUD's fledgling New Communities Office can offer new-town builders an enticing smorgasbord of federal treasury guarantees for land and construction financing, direct grants for the "innovations" and public services included in the projects, and Treasury loans to help pay the interest on the construction loans. HUD-approved projects also receive priority for other housing subsidies, including those for low-income families, and for aid programs of other federal agencies for transportation, sewage and water treatment, public health and the like.

Although Congress has appropriated only $5 million of the $200 million requested for direct HUD grants to new towns, it has authorized $500 million in federal guarantees for private development loans made to new-town builders. These loan guarantees, which help to reduce both the developer's need for capital and the risk taken by institutions lending him money, could do for new-town development what FHA home mortgage loan guarantees did to underwrite the rapid growth of the postwar subdivision suburbs.

But will new towns be significantly new? A frequently cited *Harvard Business Review* analysis stated that, in contrast to one-dimensional suburbs, they are "intended to serve the human desire to belong to a community having a range of options for housing, employment and recreation." It added that new towns should have "adequate public facilities," protected environments, "diversity of housing and life styles" and enough economic self-sufficiency so that residents who do not want to commute may work near their homes.

Leaders of the movement have also been promising bold experimentation to solve urban problems, as is already being done in many places in Europe. Congress, for its part, has ordered that all HUD-approved new towns be racially and economically integrated—an attempt to reduce some of the stratification that the government's own housing programs helped to foster in the past.

A *Reader's Digest* article summed up the popular expectations for new towns as communities "designed to cut down the grind-and-bore part of living, like commuting, traffic jams, parking problems, driving miles for a loaf of bread." Living in a new town, it added, "should leave you more time and energy to be yourself and do what you want to do."

The majority of existing new towns fall far short of all such expectations. Too many of them are large-scale housing developments repackaged as "new towns" by developers who seek to increase sales, qualify for government financial help, and win zoning approval from the increasing number of local officials who want no more unplanned suburban growth within their jurisdiction. Their projects have been dressed up with curved streets, more green space, golf courses and man-made lakes; they provide big shopping centers and well-separated industrial parks to help broaden the tax base. Their promotional material speaks of "a city in the country—ecology in action" (Westlake, Calif.); "living with the land instead of on it" (Jonathan, Minn.); "meeting civilization's challenge" (Laguna Niguel, Calif.); "building a prototype for the city of the future" (Lake Havasu City, Ariz.) and "a community planned first for people" (Valencia, Calif.). But behind the slogans are basically unchanged sterile, middle-class, predominantly white, two-car suburbs of big, boxy single-family homes and strings of "garden apartments."

Where the government requires it, small token sections of subsidized housing for lower-income families are tucked away in remote corners of the projects. At Jonathan, a widely praised HUD-backed project outside Minneapolis, where the emphasis is on low-density housing fitted carefully into a parklike setting of lakes, trees and grass, the row houses containing ninety apartment units for lower-income families stand out like poor relations. They are isolated from and distinctly inferior in design to the rest of the development. In New Orleans East, La., a 32,000-acre suburblike development started by two Texas oil millionaires on still marshy bayou land, the low-income units form the buffer zone between the middle-class neighborhoods of brick ramblers and a noisy freeway and smoky industrial area.

The residents of most of the new towns visited must still commute long distances to work. Many workers who

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live in Irvine, an hour's normal drive south of Los Angeles, and in the Westlake and Valencia projects about the same distance to the west and north of the city, spend much of their morning and evening hours fighting freeway traffic. Each of the three has a large industrial park, but few employees working there can afford to live in the adjacent new town, where houses sell from $30,000 to $100,000 (and higher for estates on an exclusive, guarded, private island in the middle of Westlake's artificial lake).

The rigid physical separation of housing subdivisions from recreation and school areas, shopping centers and industrial parks in each project combines with persistent economic stratification to destroy whatever overall sense of community the developer tries to create with his image promotion. Even in Columbia, Md., where a broader spread of income groups and more black families can be found than in other projects, the development is cut up into homogeneous neighborhoods of $22,500 homes here, $28,500 homes there, $40,000 homes somewhere else, and subsidized apartments for low-income families and elderly couples still elsewhere. It seems that residents of varying backgrounds get together only to fight unpopular plans of developers (often the building of the required low-income housing).

Westlake is even further divided because its developers' huge tract of hilly land is located half in Los Angeles County and half in Ventura County. The counties refuse to allow the new town to have a united government of its own, and the telephone company keeps the two halves in separate dialing areas so that residents calling from one to the other, in some places just across the street, must pay a toll.

Cars are still essential for the simplest chores in most of the new towns. None of them is connected directly to the nearest big city by dependable public transportation, although Park Forest South, Ill., is to have a station on the Illinois Central commuter line to Chicago, which is 35 miles away. (Illinois Central is an investor in Park Forest South.) Only Columbia has any kind of regular transportation inside the development, and its meandering minibusses get relatively few riders. Separated pedestrian paths running behind the homes are provided by individual builders in several projects, but they seldom connect up to form a complete town network. Auto roads are still the most direct routes from one place to another, so that in Columbia, for example, I saw many children walking in the main streets (there were no sidewalks) because the pedestrian paths take too roundabout a way to school, playground or swimming pool.

Stores are located for the most part in drive-in centers some distance from the housing, and outlets for culture and entertainment are still as far away as the nearest big city. When asked about this, the vice president for planning of the firm developing Jonathan expressed little concern because there was "no wall around Jonathan" to prevent its residents from driving to downtown Minneapolis, 30 miles away.

Except for underground utility lines, several local cable television systems and modern sewage treatment plants, new technology and experimentation have been largely overlooked. Only Columbia has a community-wide health program. Only Cedar-Riverside, an unusually imaginative urban renewal "new town" near the University of Minnesota campus inside Minneapolis, is mixing families of differing incomes in the same buildings and neighborhoods, and constructing separate mall levels and bridges for pedestrians above the streets and parking garages. Only Jonathan is experimenting with new housing forms, and its few "modular" homes and "tree-house" apartments (a small-scale "habitat" on wooden stilts in a grove of trees) are far outnumbered by conventional, California-style split levels.

Some new towns were started only because corporations not normally involved in residential real estate development found themselves holding large tracts of unused land, and seized on the new-town promotion formula as the best way to market them. Humble Oil is doing that with land it had owned for gas rights adjacent to the NASA space center near Houston (the project called Clear Lake City); Goodyear is building on unseeded cotton fields west of Phoenix (Litchfield Park); and the giant Newhall and Irvine ranches are simlarly engaged outside Los Angeles (Valencia and Irvine).

In other instances, corporations that had been only the financial backers of new-town developers wound up in control when returns on their investments were disapointingly slow. Such was the case with Gulf Oil, which is finishing Reston, Va., in a far less innovative way than it was begun by builder Robert Simon. Prudential became one of several insurance companies now active in new towns when it was forced to take over as a full partner in the faltering Westlake, Calif., project. But the most unlikely developer is Philip Morris, now trying to pick up the pieces of a new town it had invested in, Mission Viejo in Orange County, Calif.

For these big corporations, a new town is just another subsidiary, not a social or technological experiment. In Reston, there will be no more costly showcases of planning and architecture like Lake Anne, where strikingly designed apartment buildings, town houses, stores and community centers ring a picturesque lakeside promenade. In Westlake, the promotional material features one of its more out-of-the-way sections, Valley Oaks Memorial Park ("more than a cemetery . . . the scene of historical and cultural attention with statues, memorials and tributes") because, as one spokesman for the developers explained, "that's one of our big moneymakers."

Local officials who had made legal concessions to new-town builders in the hope that their projects would be improvements on suburbs of the past are now being disillusioned. Orange County, Calif., for instance, is fast being transformed from an oasis of sun, clear air and orchards into a continuous strip of "new towns," much to the dismay of county planning officials. The officials had done just what new-town boosters have always advocated. They loosened rigid zoning restrictions that had inhibited innovative development by separating homes, stores and offices and limiting population densities and building types. In Orange County, however, developers have used this freedom only to build even larger versions of the same old California-modern suburb, and recent studies commissioned by planners there report sharp increases in air and water pollution and traffic congestion, along with losses of

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agricultural land and public shoreline, and shortages of housing for lower-income families.

In particular, the Orange County planners complain about what they regard as the failure of Irvine ranch officials to make good their promises on pollution controls, public transportation, pedestrian ways and the conservation of open space in the huge Irvine new-town project. It appears that little is being done in those respects, while subdivision after subdivision of split levels and swimming clubs go up around a huge mall shopping center. There is little the planners can do about it, however, because Irvine ranch controls one-sixth (80,000 acres) of the county's land, as well as much of its economy and government. Local records show that it contributes large amounts of campaign money even to those officials who occasionally oppose its interests. And the image of the Irvine new town was considerably enhanced a couple of years ago when several Administration Cabinet officers, at the personal suggestion of the President, toured and praised the project. (The "Western White House" is in Orange County.)

Elsewhere in the West, developers are promoting old-fashioned desert land-sale schemes as new towns. The most spectacular is Lake Havasu City, Ariz., where Robert McCulloch, a Los Angeles manufacturer of chain saws, boat motors and small airplanes, has spent more than $10 million to move the old London Bridge block by granite block from England and reconstruct it in the Arizona desert. Around the bridge and man-made Lake Havasu, McCulloch is selling land in what he has widely publicized as "a prototype for the city of the future." The project has been given serious treatment everywhere, from the real estate pages of *The New York Times* to city planning journals.

In reality, however, Lake Havasu City looks more like a mining town in the middle of the desert, 150 miles from the nearest city, Las Vegas. Ranch-style homes, cinder-block stores and house trailers dot mostly empty streets that crisscross a vast expanse of otherwise barren and rocky landscape. The primary sources of employment are McCulloch's own plants, which have been moved from Los Angeles. The only "planned" aspects of the project are limits on building heights to avoid obstructing views of the lake and the selection of the best locations in town for the well-watered golf course, motels, campgrounds, London Bridge and other tourist services.

An even more elaborate land-sale scheme in California capitalized on both a new-town image and public money to produce quick profits for an ingenious developer. This project, Foster City, is located on what had been a marshy point jutting from the San Francisco peninsula into San Francisco Bay. Although ideally situated in a crowded suburban area, it had never been built upon because it was several feet below sea level. Only a system of dikes and huge drainage ditches, the largest of which severed the site from the peninsula and made it an island, had made it possible to graze cattle there.

In 1963, T. Jack Foster, a developer of homes and hotels in the Midwest and Hawaii, bought the land cheaply and hit upon a way to fill it with sand and mud dredged from the bottom of the bay. Bigger dikes were built and the drainage ditches were enlarged, lushly landscaped and advertised as scenic "blue lagoons" for waterfront homes and sailboat docks. An imaginative master plan of houses, apartment buildings, shopping areas, office buildings, industrial parks, recreational areas and a lively "town center" was displayed, along with models of buildings designed by such noted architects as Ludwig Mies van der Rohe and Edward Durrell Stone, at the San Francisco Museum of Art. The month-long exhibition—"Design of a City: Foster City"—drew favorable comment nationwide.

But the real beauty of the project lay in its financing. Instead of investing his own money for the expensive job of filling and preparing the land, Foster created under California law a "special municipal improvement" district, controlled by vote of owners of a majority of its land, namely, Foster himself. The district floated more than $64 million of tax-exempt municipal bonds to pay for improvement of the land, which Foster then sold in home-site lots at huge markups. The bulk of the debt incurred was deferred for payment by the district's future taxpayers, the families moving into Foster City, who were never clearly informed of this when they bought their homes.

While Foster himself was doing well financially, the new town did not develop quite as expected. Subdivision houses were built and sold, but empty ground remained where the Mies van der Rohe apartment towers, the shopping centers, the town center and much of the project's industry and offices were to be built. Industrial and commercial investors had seen through Foster's scheme and did not want to be liable for part of the huge future tax bill. This put an even greater tax burden on Foster City's residents, some of whom finally went to the courts and the state legislature to stop the bond sales and forced Foster himself to shoulder more of the tax load. Foster died about then, and his sons sold off the project's undeveloped land, most of which was bought by Boise Cascade and Centex, a Dallas builder, who may or may not be able to make Foster City a real community.

HUD's new-town program supporters have hoped that its carrot-and-stick approach (developers receiving federal aid must submit their plans to HUD for annual review) would eliminate such abuses and encourage construction of more truly innovative new towns. It appears, however, that developers are looking to it primarily for help in securing new capital for stalled projects, and controversy has arisen already over Administration approval of federal support for a questionable speculative development in Charles County, Md., 30 miles south of Washington.

The 8,000-acre site for this development, called St. Charles, already contains about 1,000 houses and an elementary school, all there is to show for fifteen years of effort by various developers who guessed wrongly that Washington's rapid population growth would soon reach Charles County. After a series of mortgage foreclosures and sales, the property came into the hands of Interstate General Corp. and its president, James J. Wilson, a New Yorker who has been a successful developer in Puerto Rico. Wilson submitted to HUD a plan for an 80,000-resident new town on the St. Charles site.

While HUD studied it, officials of the state of Maryland

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also became interested, because they were bound by recent state laws to provide perhaps $100 million more aid to a community like St. Charles for development of schools, utilities, roads and parks. They were concerned that the project would never attract the industry or commerce needed to provide the tax base to repay the state's investment, and that it would only further overload present roads and sewage facilities in a rural area. One state official called the project "sloppily planned" and "just more suburban spillover from Washington—bedrooms that don't pay." Experts inside HUD itself also worried about the feasibility of the plan. A 1971 HUD memorandum, made public during recent controversy over the project, characterized the developer's staff at St. Charles as "relatively inexperienced in the land development business. . . . Some question exists as to their ability to successfully implement the development plan agreed to with HUD."

Nevertheless, the St. Charles project was approved for federal support. As reasons for the government's decision, HUD Under Secretary Richard C. Van Dusen listed these "innovations" in the St. Charles plan: provision of a 25-acre site for a hospital, health clinics scattered through the community and neighborhoods grouped around schools (none of these is new or different); use of government subsidies to make 80 per cent of the homes available to families earning $10,000 or less a year (which would certainly not create an integrated community), and a "temporary" sewage treatment process that involves spraying raw sewage over a large meadow (Van Dusen denied one reporter's assertion that this would amount to a "huge septic tank"). Perhaps another factor in the government's deliberations was that Charles E. Stuart, husband of Mrs. Nixon's press secretary, left his own White House job to become vice president of Interstate in charge of the St. Charles project shortly after the HUD announcement was made.

HUD officials acknowledge that several existing new towns which enjoy federal support, and even future projects like St. Charles and New Orleans East, "appear quite pedestrian at the moment." They argue, however, that the leverage of multimillion-dollar government loan guarantees will help HUD eventually mold many projects into something much better. They also contend that new-town developers must still overcome basic problems, such as assembling large tracts of land cheaply, finding more efficient methods of housing construction, and selling new design ideas to the public.

In Europe, however, these problems are already being tackled in many experimental new towns. Governments there frequently buy land for the projects and lease it inexpensively to developers. Mass production of housing is well advanced. And the great variety of planning experiments being carried out have not yet slowed public response to European new towns; if anything, they are growing and filling up faster than even entirely private American developments.

Has word of these lessons from the European new-town experience not yet reached U.S. Government officials? Or are they content to administer a program that merely protects profits for developers who get on with their business as usual? It is time for leaders of the American new-town movement to find answers to these questions and ways to make "new-town" building a reality in the United States, rather than a mask for another exploitive real estate phenomenon. □

The New Environment of Foreign Aid

RICHARD CRITCHFIELD
Mr. Critchfield is on the editorial staff of the Washington Star. *From 1959 to 1967 and again from 1969 to 1971 he was on assignment in Asia, reporting on the human aspects of life in the villages of Morocco, Mauritius, Iran, India and Indonesia.*

Washington

Foreign aid is not dead but it seemed so last month, as the International Development Conference (a meeting of foreign aid experts that has been held in fifteen of the last twenty years) opened here in a distinct atmosphere of post-mortem. The only major mention of foreign aid in a Presidential campaign has been by Wallace, and his swipes at it went unrefuted. In Santiago, Chile, a few days earlier, World Bank director, Robert S. McNamara, had told the United Nations Conference on Trade and Development that the state of development in most poor countries was "unacceptable—and growing more so."

Treasury Secretary John Connally had spoken of the need for the U.S. Government to join forces with American-owned multi-national corporations to insure their access to raw materials. In Delhi, his Under Secretary, Charles Walker, told the Indians—who exist on 13¢ a day—that their needs faced stiff competition from growing U.S. domestic problems.

At the International Development Conference itself, James P. Grant of the Overseas Development Council warned that the "coincidence of the coming global job crisis with Peking's legitimation on the world scene," coupled with neo-isolationism in America, greatly improved "the attractiveness of the Maoist model to many in the developing countries."

As if an echo, Mahbub ul Haq, a senior economic adviser in the World Bank, said, "the developing world would have been better off" had it not received the limited sums of aid in recent years. Emphasizing that he spoke for himself, not the bank, Haq proposed that the poor nations "serve notice" on the rich that they cannot pay their present $60 billion debt and that steps must be taken for its "orderly cancellation." He predicted that many poor countries may follow the Chinese model of "how to achieve full employment and equitable income distribution at a relatively low level of per capita income." The poor countries, he said, were "passing through a very dark and ugly

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mood" and there might be "violent political explosions" and "a turn toward socialism."

As if this weren't enough, most of foreign aid's old liberal constituency seemed to have defected to the environmentalists. The International Development Conference had been upstaged a month earlier by the computerized prediction from the M.I.T. team of the Club of Rome that present population growth rates, seeking projected increases in production and consumption, will expose the planet to irreversible exhaustion—to overrun and collapse —within a century. The report has won national attention and provoked sharp debate. Anthony Lewis of *The New York Times* said that it was "likely to be one of the most important documents of our age."

The shrinking band of foreign aid supporters, already backed to the wall by charges that aid was bad because it encouraged intervention and helped the rich but not the poor, braced themselves to face the argument that world growth was impossible because it would exhaust the planet. As Barbara Ward was to put it, the growing sentiment seemed to be, "Let us stop aiding and growing and stay home where we belong, minding our own business and looking after endangered species like the bald eagle." However, the conference soon discovered that, if cold-war motivations, Walt W. Rostow's theories of "take-off," and old modes of development could be swept into history, foreign aid is about to be given a new hold on life by a young generation of environmentalists whose discovery of a finite world and unified biosphere is leading them in unexpected directions.

What may have started with Lady Bird Johnson's distaste for litter has passed from environmental concerns to a value revolution. If the younger speakers at the conference voiced a readiness for less harried and consumptive, more thrifty and enjoyable, life styles at home, they were also beginning to see the wisdom of a massive shift of wealth and resources to the poor countries.

Among the young men and women at the conference the talk was not about whether or not to give aid but how to give it in such a way that it would reach the poor masses at society's bottom and allow them to preserve the traditional family, community, tribe and village structures now seen as preferable to modernization on advanced Western models.

By the end of the three-day conference and some sixty speeches, they had persuaded many of the old-timers to their views. Andrew Rice, of the Society for International Development, commented at the closing session: "The developing world is on the move and those of us who have been running things may not be running things much longer."

Surprisingly perhaps, Dennis L. Meadows, director of the Club of Rome's M.I.T. project, was the conference's most fervent and least apologetic advocate of aid. A technocrat and systems engineer, Meadows coolly dismissed past aid as "having a curiously narrow model in its definition of progress and its time perspective." The United States, he said, had moved into modernization from a traditional, agricultural economy under six conditions: (*1*) A low population growth rate; (*2*) a low rate of

Barnell

agricultural innovation and slow migration to the towns; (*3*) low capital investment rates in industry of $200 per man; (*4*) high achievements and low expectations; (*5*) access to overseas markets, and (*6*) an almost unlimited base of natural resources and capacity for absorbing pollution.

"All these are missing from the poor countries today," he went on, saying they were faced with (*1*) high population growth stimulated by modern medicine; (*2*) a rate of technological agricultural change that telescopes 200 years of advance into five; (*3*) high capital investment rates of $2,000 per man; (*4*) high expectations and low achievements; (*5*) little access to overseas markets, partly because of the multi-national corporations, and (*6*) competition with the rich countries for finite resources and a pollution problem of global scope.

By trying to repeat the American experience in poor countries, Meadows said, "aid had the effect of moving small elites into industrialization and freezing the vast majority of the people in poverty."

"It was easy in the past to gloss over the ethical issues," he said, "because we assumed that what worked for us, will work for them." He noted that a World Bank study had revealed there was "no connection whatsoever between absolute income and distribution of income within a society." In the future, he said, "we have to deal directly with the problem of income distribution; a small fraction of the world continues to use a large fraction of the world's resources."

In his matter-of-fact, technician's manner and without a trace of traditional altruistic rhetoric, Meadows concluded: "The poor countries are in serious trouble. Many are faced with breakdown. There should be a bigger flow of resources and technology from the rich countries to the poor. We're going to have to sit down and rethink the distribution of world wealth and how to increase the flow of aid."

Theodore Geiger of the National Planning Association proffered a theory that may help explain the emergence of young planners like Dr. Meadows. Geiger said that older Americans felt guilty because of Vietnam and were disappointed that twenty years of aid had failed to produce expected results. "We are now in the first stage

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of guilt," Geiger said, "when foreign aid occupies a very low place in the minds of the leaders of this country. But in the course of the 1970s, there will be a return to foreign aid in even larger amounts, based on the second stage of guilt, when we blame failure on the inadequacy of previous efforts and feel our goals were wrong."

Meadows and the other environmentalists at the conference seemed to be in the second stage already, although "guilt" is probably the wrong word for them, since they expressed almost none of the do-good sentiments of the 1950s and 1960s, but seemed to be motivated by a practical, almost mathematical, sense of self-interest in global survival.

Older voices at the conference were also beginning to speak like environmentalists. Barbara Ward said, "Both in commerce and morals one can always cheat. One can give up trading and give up aiding. But with the biosphere we cannot cheat. Our territorial waters this week, full of our effluents, oil bilge, nitrates and DDT, are somebody else's territorial waters a week from now, as the oceans restlessly wash 'earth's human shores.'

"The airs and climates, the global exchanges of temperature, the consequences of a steady increase in thermal pollution—all these things plunge us into inescapable planetary unity which no amount of staying home and minding our business will cancel."

Lester Brown, perhaps the country's leading authority on the transfer of agricultural technology to the poor countries, told the conference, "The environmental crisis and global poverty are beginning to come together. We're beginning to realize that resources—oil, mineral reserves, fresh water—are all in finite supply."

Brown noted that population growth rates fall only in the presence of economic and social advance and said, "We must begin seriously thinking how to raise the income levels of two-thirds who are still below $100 a year incomes. There is a new tie of mutual interest with the environmentalists and we must find how to get more economic development with less. The North American life style is not a realistic one for all mankind—we would have to have a sixfold increase in the consumption of resources."

Congressmen and White House staffers have been jostling to see who will go to the world environmental conference at Stockholm in June, since the issue apparently offers lots of political mileage. They may regret their eagerness once they get there, for the redistribution of world income and resources—that is, foreign aid in its new guise—is likely to be the hottest issue on the agenda. And they may arrive ill-prepared to hold their own in the debate. Little about the development conference found its way into the Washington press, preoccupied as it was that week with the Apollo moon walk, campus demonstrations, battlefront reports from Vietnam and the election campaign.

Although Presidents Truman and Kennedy addressed the conference in foreign aid's heyday, and at least a Secretary of State or a top White House adviser has usually been on hand to convey Administration policy, President Nixon declined to send anyone this year. Logically, it would have been Peter M. Flanigan who, as head of the Council on International Economic Policy, is technically Nixon's man on the poor countries. Instead, the President sent a brief message, noting that "in a time of re-examination" many of "the underlying assumptions concerning development assistance are being reconsidered."

John A. Hannah, already on the program in his capacity as head of the Agency for International Development, was designated the Administration's spokesman and briefed at the White House. Somewhat apologetically, Hannah conveyed the Administration's promise that it would probably support proposals giving the poor countries "special access" to the International Monetary Fund's special drawing rights—a new kind of world reserve asset. Expressing concern about mounting debt repayments by the poor countries—they now total about $6 billion a year and are rising twice as fast as export earnings—Hannah said "multi-national debt relief agreements can become a substantial source of external finance for individual developing countries with large debt problems."

The only White House aide present, Robert Hormats, a junior economist on the National Security Council's staff, said he felt "something could be worked out" to provide more special drawing rights to the poor countries, "if the experts put their minds to it." Hormats also said he expected "a good deal more" debt rescheduling during the 1970s, even though this could be a "dangerous" practice.

Such slim pickings left the field pretty much open to Nixon's foreign policy critics. Sen. Edward Kennedy urged that foreign aid be increased to at least 1 per cent of GNP, along with wholesale reform of the international monetary system, more poor country representation and an all-out attack on the growing number of protectionists. He said Nixon's "new five-power concept" showed "an almost total disregard for the massive needs of people in the Third World. It is a theory of great power games, instead of great power concern—a theory which divides people, instead of bringing them together."

Barbara Ward, perhaps warming up for Stockholm, where her new book, *Only One World*, will be one of the main papers, told the conference, "These are discouraging days" when "Presidents and Premiers travel the planet and encounter one another like medieval monarchs to discuss power and influence." She compared Henry A. Kissinger to "Metternich trying to hold the old world together before it blew up in 1849."

In an apparent reference to Secretary Connally, Miss Ward said, "The richest country in human history, the United States—in which 6 per cent of the world's people consume at the most conservative estimate at least 32 per cent of the world's resources—proclaims through its official financial spokesmen that it is time to play things tough and defend American interests and stop all the generosity which has undermined the economy and the dollar." She compared the United States to "the elephant at the water hole who keeps others away and never knows he is ruining the water," adding wryly, "I use the word, 'elephant,' by coincidence."

Or as Meadows, with his computerized projections, put it, "The horrible straits of the poor are ethically and politically unviable." □

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ARIZONA *REPUBLIC* GAMBLE

A GOOD EDITOR LOSES HIS BET

DANIEL BEN-HORIN
Mr. Ben-Horin is an editor and writer for the New Times *of Phoenix. Earlier, he was a reporter and weekly columnist for the Arizona* Republic.

Phoenix

J. Edward Murray has started sounding disengaged. No one is really fooled, because, even as he implies that he's shifting into neutral, Murray takes great care to make you realize that he's not a whit slower at 57 than he has ever been. His yoga and tennis are still much in evidence. And the American Society of Newspaper Editors (ASNE), which last month elected him president for 1972-73, must be somewhat nervously awaiting the onslaught of the famed Murray energy on their antediluvian organization.

But those notes of elder statesmanship, of withdrawing from the fray—are definitely there. Not long ago, in a letter to a friend, Murray made it clear that his recently acquired positions as associate editor of the Detroit *Free Press* and editor of the Knight Newspaper Wire do not strike him as overwhelming challenges—and that he likes it that way. He speaks openly of the Knight job as his last: "The next ten years will wind me up."

And as for the ASNE, Murray will flurry about during the next year—appearing on television to speak for the nation's editorial brass on freedom of the press and other burning issues, appearing at conventions and major graduations, being interviewed for a profile or two—but he won't get much done. He knows that. He laconically describes his hopes "to strike a blow or three there [as ASNE president] for the good/true/beautiful."

Murray's seeming disengagement is understandable. In the eleven years that immediately preceded it, he had been quietly, steadily, strenuously engaged in one of the most important newspaper battles in the country. He appears to have lost it, and the consequences of his defeat will, over the years, affect us all.

James Edward Murray was born in 1915 in Buffalo, S.D., and something about being the brightest boy in a South Dakota schoolroom has dogged him through life. He is just a bit overfluent with his foreign languages, his yoga, his background in philosophical studies and Jung, his tennis. He comes across as very sure of himself. There's nothing wishy-washy about Eugene Pulliam, either, and that may explain the mystery that has plagued Murray-watchers and newspaper-watchers since 1960.

That was the year when Murray, fresh from building the Los Angeles *Mirror* to 320,000 circulation and eleven years removed from a brilliant United Press career—a star of liberal journalism, you might say—submerged himself in the profession's depths by agreeing to become managing editor of Pulliam's Arizona *Republic,* the major newspaper in the state. Defining the essence of the *Republic* at that time is as hard as defining the essence of Pulliam. In both cases the temptation is to lapse into diabolism, but that would be misleading. Pulliam is, mainly, a strong man who formed some strong opinions around 1895 when he was delivering newspapers on the Kansas prairies. He is paternalistic to his staff, loyal to his friends and a scourge to his enemies. He believes strongly in what he believes—including free press, free enterprise, free America and the Republican Party. He is not shy about expressing his opinions on those matters, or on subjects in which he does not believe, including meddlesome bureaucrats, foreign aid, "socialism and other false ideologies," dirty long hair and bad language in mixed company. If we forget everything else that he has ever said, the caption under his portrait in the *Republic* lobby instructs us to remember that "America is great because America is free." It would, however, take a marvelous reverse feat of memory to forget everything he has ever said because he has owned forty-seven papers in his 83 years (six now: four in Indiana, including the only major dailies in Indianapolis, and the unopposed *Republic* and afternoon *Gazette* in Phoenix) and has written profusely for them. He cares very deeply about his papers, their effect and their reputation.

So, in 1960, there was a meeting between two self-assured, blunt-spoken men who cared about newspapers. Murray then, and to this day, says that Pulliam knew where he stood and vice versa. The agreement was that Murray would run a straight news operation and that Pulliam would confine himself to the editorial pages. Pulliam was getting one of the most sought after editors in the country to give an enormous boost of prestige to his provincial product. Murray was getting an open shot at virgin territory.

The paper Murray inherited bannered each day's main event with a page-wide headline (sample: "Ike Icy: Khrushchev Slit-Eyed"). Both national and world news were supplied exclusively by AP and UPI; local reporting ("How Bob Morrison Became A Fugitive" was the banner over a story about a Democratic political candidate in 1958) was regarded by much of the community as biased beyond hope.

Over the years, Murray practiced what he called "the art of the possible." He urged and saw the creation of an Op-Ed page, designed to acknowledge the spectrum of viewpoints that spread to Pulliam's left. He imported sub-editors who brought social action and nonwhite faces to the women's pages and literate criticism to the entertainment section. He persuaded Pulliam to supplement AP and UPI with *The New York Times* and *Los Angeles Times-Washington Post* news services.

Young reporters were hired and encouraged to make at least sideways attacks on what Murray called "the Maginot Line of objectivity." He introduced such topics as drugs and rock and the content of protest to the paper for the young reporters to write about. He almost cured his editors of pigeonholing good copy because of their fear that "the old man wouldn't like that."

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Throughout, Murray's method was at least as interesting as what he did. He adopted the concept of "vulnerability" as central to his plan. He knew that he would be vulnerable if he aligned himself socially with liberal elements in the Phoenix community, so he steered clear of them. And he knew he would be vulnerable if he failed to build circulation, so he built it, steadily, to a current 300,000 (Sundays). The *Post* and both the East Coast and West Coast *Times* were increasingly vulnerable after Agnew's attacks, so Murray sought to reduce their vulnerability quotient by seeking out pro-Nixon analyses from their news services and running them prominently.

The gamble, of course, was that in the long run the whole tenor of the newspaper could be changed—a change that would far overshadow a strategically placed "bad" story here or there. And Murray's tactics did produce results. Reporters who had cheerfully taken off after Democratic candidates just as cheerfully took off after organized crime and pollution. Slowly, very slowly, the idea took hold that societal change, if not exactly to be desired, was not quite the dreadful social disease it had for so long been considered.

In the end, it was not anything that Murray did that caused his departure. It was simply that 1971 was not 1960. Murray arrived in Phoenix when Kennedy and the New Frontier arrived in Washington. It does not seem coincidental that his last three years at the *Republic* were the years when Camelot was laid to final rest. We are today going through a period when a publisher like Pulliam can be proud to represent the heartland and not care a whit what the *Columbia Journalism Review* says of him. It is a period when *New York Times* employees are being laid off while the *Republic* soars to sixth in the nation in morning advertising linage.

Murray has always maintained that a handshake is all that bound Pulliam to him, and, presumably, it would have been easy for the publisher to fire an unsatisfactory editor. But Pulliam is loyal, and had first to convince himself that he had cause. Best of all would have been for Murray to quit. He, however, was determined to stick as long as barely possible at the experiment in which he had invested a decade. So rupture was a long, debilitating time on the way.

One of the first steps was to emasculate the Op-Ed page by forcing on it the half-page letters column (overwhelmingly conservative) and devoting the bulk of the remaining space to Art Buchwald and Joseph Alsop. Then copy supplied by the *Times* and *Post* services came under heavy, Agnew-oriented criticism for bias. Copy editors whom Murray had tried to teach not to fear the "old man" came to know that to play a *Times* analysis or a Nick von Hoffman column with any prominence was to ask for trouble. Columns that Murray had introduced into the paper in an attempt to draw some young readers were summarily killed. A comic strip (Doonesbury) was lopped off because its protagonist asked during an encounter session, "When do we take our clothes off?" Last May, a young reporter whose work Murray had praised, and who had been receiving regular merit raises, was fired with no indication of cause—and, more important, without notice to Murray until after the fact.

A week after that, Pulliam ran a front-page editorial that began, "Stop it, you anti-Americans" (the unedited version had read, "Stop it, you anti-American bigmouths") and ended with "To hear these bleeding hearts yell, you would think Russia is a Utopia compared to America. Stop this anti-American rot. . . ." Two days later, tired of waiting for Murray to absolve him of that handshake, Pulliam called his managing editor into his office, told him he could no longer edit a Pulliam paper, and asked whether he would care to resign.

Murray didn't last eleven years under Pulliam by going off half-cocked. Progress had been slow and, even as it came, often overshadowed by spectacular reversions to earlier form. By 1971, there still were few, if any, liberal fans of the *Republic* in Phoenix. But a media-aware vanguard among those outside the power structure was willing to risk ostracism by announcing that the *Republic* was, all in all, a fair paper. And others, more stylistically than politically attuned, were beginning to notice an unprecedented level of literacy in their breakfast reading.

The relapse has been substantial. Some of the people whom Murray had trained are convinced that they can "fight on" under the new managing editor, Harold (Heinie) Mills, an AP retiree who is a social intimate

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of Pulliam and a former duck-shooting crony of Generalisimo Franco, but the best people have left. The most marked changes have come in soft-news areas like Women's Forum and Entertainment, where staff members tend to be less stubborn about journalistic proprieties and more liable to bend with the wind. In Women's Forum, for example, a policy that staff members call "white and bright" has been instituted. The new women's editor gave this quote about her section's intent to *Time*: "As a relief from hard news, we are trying to return to a more circusy atmosphere. We want to do happy stories about women who have done something special."

On the news side, reporters and editors have been warned to tone down anything controversial. The "effete" news services appear rarely and innocuously. Jingoistic headlines returned last June 30 with this banner about the Soviet moonshot which cost three cosmonaut lives: "3 Russ Return to Earth—Dead." Perhaps the most significant change has been one of emphasis: under Murray, the paper always made some effort to stay in touch with young currents of thought, even though it was recognized that the *Republic* couldn't really hope to appeal to the majority of young people. Under Milks, steady coverage of Arizona State University has ended.

The present quality of the *Republic*'s journalism has earned it some applause. In February, Pulliam's paper "scored a twin hit" when it was awarded the two first prizes by the Freedoms Foundation at Valley Forge—for best cartoon of the year and best editorial of the year (a full-page, *front-page* performance by Pulliam shortly after Murray left, entitled: "Will the Federal Bureaucracy Destroy Individual Freedom in America?"). The front-page story heralding these honors concluded by informing the *Republic*'s readers: "Because there are so few in the newspaper category, awards made each year by the Freedoms Foundation rank with Pulitzer Prize awards and William Allen White Foundation awards." That's a rather special viewpoint.

What mattered most about Murray's stay at the *Republic* was the hypothesis he was testing. He was betting that, even with the most recalcitrant publisher, in the most recalcitrant community, you could—slowly, perhaps, but eventually—move a newspaper from point A to point B. You could, by following the strategies of not pushing too fast and of minimizing vulnerability, transform a house organ into a responsible medium which catered to the interests of all segments of the community while avoiding advocacy of any one viewpoint, except on the editorial pages.

It was a seductive vision, and had he been able to fulfill it, Murray would have been in an admirable position to reaffirm traditional journalism's ability to cope with a changing society. Murray is worried deeply about polarization and he would have enjoyed pointing to the progress of the *Republic* as an example of just how much power lies with those who write and edit newspapers, if only they are prepared to bide their time and go no faster than their audience or paymaster can tolerate. He would have argued that straight journalism, done fairly and with an eye to the political weather, can succeed, whereas advocacy journalism can only alienate.

At the end, he was caught in a two-way squeeze. Despite all his strategy, the paper was still changing too quickly for the publisher. And what he did accomplish went largely unnoticed by those—the political, social, racial and economic "outs"—who might be considered the chief beneficiaries of his efforts. So, as far as society as a whole is concerned, special interest journalism seems increasingly to be the order of the day. And for the journalistic fraternity, the last word still belongs to A. J. Liebling, who once described a speech he had made to the ASNE as follows:

> I found myself among friends. They cheered me as if I were Spartacus addressing the gladiators, but in low tones, lest their publishers be listening. The ASNE apparently had as little to say about what went into print as the American Newspaper Guild or the American Cairn Terrier Club. □

EUROPEAN COMMUNISM

TREMORS AFTER PRAGUE

GEORGE CHARNEY
Mr. Charney, author of A Long Journey *(Quadrangle Books), was for twenty-five years a member of the American Communist Party. He left the party in 1958.*

The crisis of communism precipitated by the 20th Congress of the CPSU in 1956 continues in ever sharper form. The Soviet Union, despite its great power, has not been able to contain the resistance to its hegemony and the movement for independence and democratic reform within the Communist world.

Underlying the conflict has been the growing realization that socialism, defined as membership in the Soviet bloc, has not led to independence; that independence is the precondition for genuine social progress. The aspiration for national sovereignty has been accompanied by an irresistible demand for freedom not only from Soviet tutelage but from Soviet dogmas that have warped cultures as well as economies. The Czechoslovak program and national spirit sparked a renascent mood throughout European communism. The Soviets countered with force and moved tanks into Prague to crush dissent—everywhere.

Three years have elapsed. Soviet hegemony has been re-established at the cost of aggravating tensions and antagonisms. The intervention in Czechoslovakia was followed by the greatest protest and opposition in the history of the Communist movement. With few exceptions, the parties, especially of Western Europe, voted overwhelm-

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ingly to condemn the intervention. These actions were in sharp contrast to the equivocal and inconsistent positions the same parties took on Hungary in 1956. The Russians were compelled to intervene again, in a different form; to use their commanding power to whip the parties into line and to isolate the most articulate dissenters. Roger Garaudy, outstanding cultural figure of the French party, was expelled in 1969. He had loyally served as headsman for Moscow in the past and was now its chief victim. He made his last plea in a dramatic confrontation at a party meeting in Nanterre, where he was heard in deadly silence. He left the hall, alone, defeated by the "immobility" of the French party. The expulsion of Garaudy had repercussions throughout Europe.

The Russians forced a split in the Austrian party, which was small but not without influence in Germany. Ernst Fischer, one of the oldest and most distinguished intellectuals in Europe, was expelled for his adamant stand on Czechoslovakia. He was followed by Franz Marek, a member of the Politburo and editor of its theoretical magazine. Twenty-seven members of the Central Committee resigned in protest. Moscow apparently did not hesitate, as Brezhnev had once warned Dubcek, to reduce any party that opposed it to the status of a splinter group.

The Spanish party (PCE) with its resident leadership in Moscow, made known its opposition to the intervention from the start. The majority of its Central Committee, under the leadership of Santiago Carillo and the legendary La Pasionaria, stood its ground, despite enormous pressure involving both threats and cajolery. A year later, Gen. Enrique Lister, of Civil War fame, reversed his stand to favor intervention and was used to set up a pro-Soviet faction opposed to the PCE. Roger Garaudy and Fernando Claudin, a former colleague of Carillo, tell the shocking story of how, early in 1970, coal was shipped from Poland to help break the strike of the Asturian coal miners. These shipments were made despite urgent appeals by the Asturian miners to the Polish trade unions and by the Spanish party to the United Workers' Party of Poland. This act coincided with the visit to Moscow of Spanish Foreign Minister Lopez Bravo, and the proceedings, after thirty years, to recognize the Franco government.

In Italy the opposition to intervention in Czechoslovakia was strong. Some leaders of the CPI, while loath to break with the Soviets, insisted on warning that any further demonstrations of the Brezhnev doctrine would leave the Italian party no choice but to sever its ties with the CPSU. In time, the opposition was contained, with the exception of a militant group associated with *Il Manifesto,* a new journal of independent and critical views. This group was headed by Rossana Rossanda, a woman of about 38 and of exceptional talent and presence, who had been described by an older associate as the Rosa Luxemburg of modern communism. (In England, while interviewing Eduard Goldstucker, I commented on Rossanda's rare beauty. "Ah," said Goldstucker, "this, poor Rosa was not.")

The Central Committee of the CPI conducted protracted discussions with *Il Manifesto* in search of a *modus vivendi,* possibly in the form of editorial controls. Then a special meeting of the Central Committee was called and the group connected with *Il Manifesto* was summarily ex-

Pierre, Aux Ecoutes (Paris)

pelled. It was common knowledge in Rome that this act was instigated by Moscow and supported by the omnipresent Stalinist faction in the Central Committee. It might have come to this in any case, for the critical views expressed by *Il Manifesto* on a number of questions aside from Czechoslovakia were leading to a rupture. However, its stand on that intervention, the doubts it scarcely troubled to conceal as to whether the Soviet Union was a Socialist state, its sympathy for Maoism prompted the sudden expulsion. Thus the CPI rid itself of a bugbear; it also rid itself of an extraordinary assembly of young militants.

The process of "normalization" affected every country. This stormy history is vividly described in Roger Garaudy's latest book, *The Whole Truth,* published in 1970.

In the aftermath of Czechoslovakia three trends have emerged within the Communist Parties of Western Europe. The dominant trend is represented by the massive parties of Italy and France, which pursue a traditional, orthodox line. The social base of these parties, especially in the working class, remains constant. The parties do not retreat; neither do they advance. They are sensitive on the issue of independence; nevertheless they maintain loyal ties with Moscow and operate essentially under its leadership. Their long-range perspective, one suspects, at least among the hard liners, is that the only road to power is by Soviet hegemony in Europe.

In bullying sessions with party leaders, the Russians express cynicism about the abilities of these parties, notwithstanding their history and size, to come to power inde-

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pendently. Stalin, it will be remembered, once argued the possibility of achieving socialism by "peaceful means" under the conditions of Communist encirclement. In Rome, for example, one heard of Soviet propaganda to the effect that the United States would soon be nullified as a political force in Europe and that the Soviet Union would emerge as the dominant power. Italy, people were reminded, was a vulnerable Mediterranean power and in the near future would have to rely on Soviet good will. This campaign was accompanied by predictions that both Romania and Yugoslavia would be back in the fold within a year or so. The objective was to put pressure on vacillating Christian Democratic ministers and curb dissent within the CPI. One could almost hear a sigh of relief—and from Italian Communists who regularly voiced opposition to NATO—when Nixon announced his plan to visit the People's Republic of China. It was eagerly interpreted as a move to offset Russian influence in Europe that would provide greater latitude for independent action by the Center and Left forces in Italy.

The second trend is represented by the innovating efforts of Garaudy and others to achieve fundamental reforms within the parties. Garaudy still looks to the PCF and its "350,000 militants" as the main vehicle of social revolution, but assuming independence and the willingness to re-examine basic doctrinal matters, particularly the social effects of the scientific and technological revolution. Garaudy notes the prospect of forming a "historic bloc" of the new scientific estate with the old industrial workers, to provide a fresh dynamic in the social struggles of France.

Garaudy still holds to the traditional view that the working class within the "bloc" remains the motive force of history. Nevertheless he outlines a bold departure within the Communist movement that copes with modern reality and can conceivably overcome the "sclerosis" and "immobility" and lead the party out of its impasse. He also advocates the need to democratize the party, not by rhetorically asserting the principles of democratic centralism, as defined by Lenin, but by institutionalizing the right of dissent. The Garaudy program represents a rupture with Stalinism. It is the Reformation within the Communist world, linked with Dubcek and the Czech spring, the initiative to align democracy with socialism.

The third trend is represented by *Il Manifesto*. It shares with Garaudy the opposition to Soviet intervention and repression. On the other hand, it views Garaudy's program as reformist and utopian; its platform is revolution. As Garaudy is linked to the Czech program, *Il Manifesto* is linked to the Cultural Revolution in China. It calls for the sharpening of the class struggle in Italy and vehemently opposes the coalition policy of the Berlinguer leadership of the CPI. Rossana Rossanda and Aldo Natoli, spokesmen of *Il Manifesto,* and their followers are not opportunists; they have a long history in the CPI, continuing ties with the unions and factory workers. Nor have they any illusion that they can displace the party. Rather, they look to a cultural revolution in the Italian party that will lead to "refoundation and a synthesis of the Communist Left with the new political vanguards outside the CPI."

Since the expulsion, *Il Manifesto* has been published for about a year as a daily paper. Its circulation of 65,000 is astonishing. It represents a communard element in the climactic social upheaval in Italy. And yet one is concerned about its narrow criticism of a coalition strategy; its failure to give heed to the Fascist danger posed by the MSI, and the possibility, some say probability, of an imminent shift to the right in Italy. [See "Italy's Crisis Election: The Neo-Fascist Challenge" by Dan Rosen, *The Nation,* April 24.] The worsening of the economic situation in Italy has been effectively exploited by the Right; the Left, including the Catholic Left, is on the defensive.

One is also concerned about the paper's uncritical support of Maoism. The rebellion evokes a warm feeling but the present course could lead *Il Manifesto* away from the mainstream of politics.

I do not suggest that these trends express themselves in a rigid form. The ferment continues and affects every sphere of life in the Communist movement. It produces interesting paradoxes in which breathtaking views are combined with the most traditional. A veteran Communist describes the CPI, the party of Togliatti, the most flexible in Europe with its bold program of polycentrism, as "a totalitarian social democracy." Parties, he argues, are now obsolete and serve as a fetter on social change. Each movement must develop its own program and leadership without having imposed on it a party of the past, of history. Neither can it function with an official philosophy. This same person argues that the working class remains the vital revolutionary force in society. The ferment is marked by the mixture and combination of old and new ideas, characteristic of a stage of critical transition.

Of the future it is idle to speculate. One recalls how often in inner-party struggles the dissenter is ousted, often a figure of calumny, only to have his ideas ultimately absorbed to reshape the party. It could happen again. The depth of the crisis points to continued strains and spasms rather than gradual stabilization. What began in 1956 has no end. □

LETTERS *(Continued from page 610)*

the struggling *campesino*? Or was it the freedom of ITT and corporations like it; the freedom to concentrate on profits while Chile remained a captive of underdevelopment and dependence? The "freedom" to oppress, the "freedom" to exploit, the "freedom" to ignore human misery—such freedom should die—and with it any system that calls such a perversity freedom!

Signed by seventy-six individuals and the Missioners Committee on International Awareness

basic quality

New York City

DEAR SIRS: The greatest asset of a politician is his inborn instinct for the morality of issues of great importance to the welfare of the people. Edmund Muskie publicly acknowledged his error in judging the pros and cons of American involvement in Vietnam. This admission was loudly acclaimed by the media and his supporters as evidence of an honest man freely admitting his mistake. George McGovern has sensed the immorality of our participation in the war from the beginning. Is it a matter, then, of one man correcting a mistake in judgment and another being right by accident? No—it is a matter of character and conviction. All men are fallible, but any man who chooses the political life, especially one aspiring to the Presidency, must possess the basic quality of intuitive moral judgment. *Pearl Garfield*

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Revolutionists with a Stake in Society

THE WAR OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE: Military Attitudes, Policies and Practice, 1763-1789. *By Don Higginbotham. The Macmillan Co. 509 pp. $12.95.*

RAMON POWERS
Formerly with the University of Missouri (Kansas City), Mr. Powers is at present teaching history at the Haskell Indian Junior College, Lawrence, Kans.

Writing the history of a revolution in a time of national uncertainty is an extremely difficult task. Yet it is partly our present condition that entices us to analyze volatile periods in our past. Some Americans turn to the past to secure confirmation for liberal and radical ideals which they hope are finally about to come to fruition. Others seek reassurance in history for basically conservative notions about law and order and the sanctity of property. The coming bicentennial celebration of the American Revolution, or as some insist on calling it, the War of American Independence, will give historians added impetus to rewrite the past.

Don Higginbotham's book is a synthesis of some of the best and most recent historical research on major aspects of the revolution. Although Higginbotham, professor of history at the University of North Carolina, focuses on military affairs between 1763-1789, he has produced a new history which relates that topic to the cultural, social, political and economic forces that shaped the times.

This new volume in "The Macmillan Wars of the United States" series is an excellent example of historical writing on the revolution by those conservative-minded scholars who argue that our revolution was superior to the other major revolutions in history because men of property and standing started and directed it in order to protect liberal beliefs and to uphold property. This school of historians, usually called neo-Whigs because they support the colonial cause as a defense of political liberty against the tyranny of George II and his ministers, has maintained a dominant position in historical writing in the post-World War II era. But in recent years this school has been challenged by young radical historians who have concerned themselves with the study of class and social conflict in the revolution, issues which had been touched upon earlier by historians of the Progressive era. Professor Higginbotham does not entirely ignore this new challenge. Although he represents the older conservative tradition, he draws on the work of the best intellectual, social, political and economic historians of the colonial and revolutionary eras to present a subtle and partially convincing analysis of the military aspects of the revolution.

An example of the breadth of Higginbotham's approach is his discussion of the role of the English Commonwealthmen in educating Americans in the notion that power "possessed the natural tendency to encroach beyond its legal limits." Drawing heavily on the work of Bernard Bailyn, Caroline Robbins and others, he discusses why the "standing army" was suspect to those who feared a conspiracy by the Crown to alter the precarious balance between monarchy, aristocracy and democracy. Commonwealthmen in England and in the colonies believed that the proper balance of these three forces in society was the cornerstone of the British constitution. Thus, the jealousy with which civilians guarded their control over the military during the revolution, a central theme in Higginbotham's history, is directly related to the ideas about power and conspiracy inherited from England.

In the years following the conclusion of the French and Indian Wars in 1763, the colonists believed that the English army would be used to coerce them into obeying tyrannical laws. They saw no need for frontier garrisons supported by British-imposed taxes. Colonial suspicions were strengthened when the British shifted their troops from the frontiers to the Eastern seaboard in order to reduce expenses. Colonial fears that these troops would be used to repress urban anti-taxation demonstrations were not, in Higginbotham's opinion, entirely without foundation. Military issues continued to weigh heavily in the episodes in Boston; finally, after dumping tea in Boston harbor and resisting the Coercive Acts, the colonists' attempt to maintain control of munition stores ignited the spark at Lexington and Concord in April 1775.

As told by Higginbotham, the revolutionary story is not a new one for the professional historian or the informed layman, but he has brought together new findings and gives the military approach a new dimension. He stresses that the citizen army of yeomen and artisans was created by a Congress that made "many concessions to the popular aversion against militarism." In contrast to many military historians who denigrate the weak and inefficient control exercised by Congress, Higginbotham appreciates the "clear-cut" civilian control and "humanitarian military code" enacted by Congress; he argues that during the war Congress effectively served as a central government as well as "a revolutionary body in the fullest meaning of the term."

The "People's Army" raised by the Continental Congress was to be led by the soldier-statesman George Washington, who, "conscious of public opinion . . . out-generaled his adversaries for the minds of his countrymen." According to Higginbotham, Washington was one of the few symbols of national unity in a very provincial land. Although Washington has often been criticized for being overcautious, Higginbotham portrays a general eager for a fight, but who had the good sense to follow advice proffered by advisers more knowledgeable in military affairs than himself. Washington's only major failing was a personal vindictiveness against those who were inadvertently involved in the apparently mythical cabal against the "hero of Mount Vernon."

Higginbotham treats the war efforts of the British and the colonists in considerable detail. Of the British, he notes particularly how they grossly overestimated the size and capabilities of the loyalists' following in America. The entrance of France into the war intensified British reliance on loyalist colonials, but loyalist officers received neither permanent rank nor half pay for life as did English officers. Higginbotham found that the fundamental problem for the British was that "The military and political center of America was non-existent, or everywhere and nowhere." The British colonial secretary, Lord George Germain, who directed the war, believed in the necessity of a climactic battle—which never occurred, or at least, never with the outcome desired by the British. A second problem for them after 1778 was that they fought alone in the American war when Spain and France declared

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war on them. Higginbotham shows that the British refused to subsidize allies in Europe as they had earlier done during the Seven Years' War. Yet in the long run, Britain fared much better in the general war against the European powers than it did against the Americans.

As for the Americans, economic conditions deteriorated, mainly because the people lost faith in the money printed by Congress and by the states. Higginbotham's broad approach to military history allows him to introduce matters of war finance, and he argues that "the government's insolvency worked only relatively minor hardship on most of the citizenry." His argument is based on the assumption that few people possessed fixed incomes in that agrarian society, and that consequently the impact of economic dislocation was minimized.

After concluding his study of the war with a brief description of the British surrender at Yorktown, Higginbotham shows how military factors continued to influence nationalistic-minded statesmen as they tried to control events before and during the Constitutional Convention. Higginbotham finds that the weaknesses of the Confederation government in the 1780s was directly tied to its weakness in military affairs, such as its inability to control the army posts in the Northwest. However, the one example is his treatment of Washington's letter to Congress asking whether the city of New York might not best be destroyed "rather than leave the enemy a base and the loyalists a refuge." Political factors required that the city be left intact; New York's representatives in Congress would not consent to such a measure. This seems an adequate explanation, yet Higginbotham felt impelled to say that the notion that New York should be sacked was "in violation of the conservative character of the Revolution." A revolution of "haves" rather than "have-nots" resulted in a conscious effort to preserve property, according to the author. The record of terror tactics and the destruction of property by both sides, particularly in the South, is sufficient proof that arguments in defense of a nondestructive American revolution are judgments before the facts.

Also, Higginbotham's treatment of mob activity in the revolution is somewhat confusing. He confesses that mob violence was "a factor in the American Whigs' solidifying their hold." Then belatedly he affirms his agreement with Gordon Wood that the revolution was perhaps more than "an elitist undertaking." Yet in the end Higginbotham insists that "the restraint of the American mobs in the Revolutionary era at least, can be explained in part by the desire of patriot leaders—law-abiding men with limited goals—to keep their cause from veering in the direction of social and political anarchy." No other explanations are even suggested.

Professor Higginbotham's ambivalence about the nature of the revolution is also evident in his otherwise superb chapter on "Loyalties and Liberties." In discussing the role of the law, the press and the pulpit in promoting loyalty, and the extent of loyalist opposition, Higginbotham shows how "The revolutionary regimes stifled free expression, ordered arrest, impressed goods, confiscated land, and exiled their opponents." Yet in concluding this chapter he cannot restrain himself from writing that "it is still possible to assert that Americans generally fought the Revolution . . . within the framework of their expressed principles." I suppose we may indeed grant that the repression of dissent is an "expressed principle" of some Americans.

Another paradox in the American Revolution, and perhaps the most haunting problem for the conservative historian, involves the issue of slavery. Higginbotham briefly treats the blacks in the revolution as a source of manpower, but he makes even briefer mention of how blacks were treated or how the British tried to use the issue of slavery in fighting in the South. He notes the irony of slaveowners demanding their own freedom, and he reminds us that some of the Northern states, in which the "peculiar institution" was not imbedded in the local culture, were able to abolish it at the time. In contrast to the cursory mention of the blacks and his references to the Indians as "savages," "dusky warriors" and "hatchet men," Higginbotham waxes eloquent about the role of white anti-British merchant seamen. Many of these good Anglo-Saxons languished on prison ships throughout the war rather than consent to serve on a British man-of-war. It is ironic that Higginbotham's treatment of the merchant seamen is based upon the work of the young radical historian, Jesse Lemisch.

Higginbotham appears to be caught in the position of defending the neo-Whig conservative interpretation of the revolution while attempting to integrate it with the conclusions of many new studies which point in a different direction. However, Higginbotham is one of the best of the conservative historians and he has been fairly successful in his attempt to tie military history to the culture as a whole. Readers of all political views can learn a great deal from him. The author concludes one of the chapters of his book with the reminder that the issue of civilian control of the military, which was the central theme in the War of Independence, has not lost its importance. "In an age of immense military spending, with a blurring of the previously identifiable divisions between the scientific and industrial sectors and the defense establishment, our heritage from the Revolutionary generation is one to be guarded jealously and adjusted to modern needs and conditions." One can only hope that conservatives such as Higginbotham are not willing to give away too much of the tradition in adjusting to modern domestic and international insecurity. □

Aid and Comfort to Eakins

THE PHOTOGRAPHS OF THOMAS EAKINS. *By Gordon Hendricks. Grossman Publishers. 291 plates. 214 pp. $30.*

LINCOLN KIRSTEIN
Mr. Kirstein has written on the photographers Cartier-Bresson, Walker Evans, and W. Eugene Smith.

This ranks among the most perfect physical presentations of a single photographic sequence. Format, quality of reproduction, intrinsic interest offer a body of images every lover of America's greatest painter will cherish. However, the book is disappointingly true to its title. It gives the photographs as taken by the artist, with a clear account of who posed when, and where, plus technical information. Perhaps it is churlish to wish the editor had seen fit to mention what the camera actually meant to the artist, how Eakins' camera differed in quality or kind from brush and palette; indeed, how he used photography toward his larger achievements. How did this master's ocular "vision" differ when it was pointed through a lens? Did he use the camera as corroboration, as an escape from imprecision, or as a means of penetration into novel dimensions of temporal space?

The relationship between hand-made art and camera-art has become so complicated a problem that one can hardly compose one's thoughts about the relevance of that issue to any serious aesthetic question. Critical analysis now resembles some mad Byzantine quiddity in the iconoclast controversy. Are man-made images

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a resonance of the Logos or a profanation of Holy Wisdom? Currently, at the Victoria and Albert Museum in London, there is a vast didactic show entitled (ironically, one infers, although doubts creep in): *"From Today Painting Is Dead."* Supposedly first enunciated by a popular "historical" painter, this was an enthusiastic prophecy, a first fanfare for insistent confusion about the relative position of photography as art, science, craft or document. The exhibition (and its excellent catalog to an even greater degree) demonstrates every technicality attending the birth of this branch of graphics, but even after walking through the one, and studying the other with care, it leads to no ultimate conclusion about the place of the camera in aesthetic arcana. Cameras are tools, like knives and computers; they can tally, carve and kill. There are thousands of photos that are more memorable than tens of thousands of dull hand-painted canvases. Hundreds of popular songs, ballad to hit tune, have aroused more intense generalized emotion than all the symphonies. Finally, it seems unprofitable to worry over the function or prestige of photography. Rather, we may focus on the impulse and capacity to discover the employment of cameras on the part of a few painters who were already so schooled in rendering that one might have imagined they needed no support from a mechanical device. Yet to many by no means lazy classic academic draftsmen, cameras have been aid and comfort.

The photographic process was largely the invention of professional painters and scenic designers, driven by scientific curiosity which was disguised as necessity. From Delacroix, who seems to have posed some studio nudes, through Degas, Lautrec, Eakins, and other progressive artists, novel spatial, volumetric and temporal values offered themselves for exploitation. Masterful operators in Scotland, Britain, France, America and many other places not yet cataloged, rank as near geniuses in charting physiognomy. Julia Margaret Cameron, one in a line of superb super-amateurs, was surely in debt to the legendary Arthurian aura of Sir Frederick Leighton, at his best a major imaginative and psychological portraitist. But no photograph of the 19th century or since holds the awesome intensity of Leighton's Jovian heads in the National Portrait Gallery or at King's College, Cambridge. Degas sliced life on boulevard and race course by stylized accidents of photographic cropping, but he was, in this, as much in debt to Japanese wood blocks as to the camera.

For Eakins, the lens was comfort and aid; he was not dependent on it. Unfortunately, this book juxtaposes no single photograph against a part of any painting. However, remembering specific marvelous paintings, or referring to Lloyd Goodrich's biography and its plates, one recognizes that his vision, sense of form, even his placement was found in his own two eyes, long before he was fascinated by what a camera could fix. He took the pictures that he would presently come to paint. This was no substitute for countless careful studies, any one of which he might have mechanically enlarged, or indeed projected by magic lantern onto a canvas, to be brushed in (by the numbers), which is the current fad and fraud with our post-Pop quasi-"realists." What Eakins prised from the process was information about the deep freeze in time, split seconds as metaphors for eternal moments. Juxtaposition of painting and photo show how he absorbed and mutated the accidental, editing chance into formidable permanent order. He was, in search of a super-reality, a metaphysical realist and devotee of what the heirs of Kant called the Real, what Henry James recognized as the Real Right Thing. Alvin Langdon Coburn's illustrations for the lovely "New York" edition of James's novels testifies to the power of art-photography as explication and adornment. Photography is a tool and a path. Eakins pursued the Essential by every path, with every tool at hand, by dissecting cadavers, through aerial perspective, by proto-cinematic imagery, through the anatomy of chance wherein lies the camera's supreme energy. The camera taught Eakins no one thing about representation. This important school had been administered by his master, Jean Léon Gérome. But photography was an exercise in attaining a superior wholeness in formal realization, pushing his figures past partial or impermanent time into an eternity of their own. The camera helped him to achieve a static, breathless, endless temporal climate in which time does not pass, but through which pass pictures and people.

The decisive moment, in the mind of our best living photographer, is not time observed but seized, forced into a frame, where it continues to throb, even in arrest. Eakins mastered time, molding many momentary fractions into monumental silhouettes, proposing peaks of movement culminating in a found repose —presupposing endless anterior motion —to a serenity characterizing the inevitability of their destined fulfillment. His positioned figures, however static, seem to sense their selves in a detemporalized atmosphere, as if they had reached their just condition. Yet the blur of spokes in the wheels of Fairman Rogers' four-in-hand (Philadelphia) is the single suggestion of kinetic impressionism one recalls from all his experiments in cinematic optics, and there is no suggestion of motor violence in any of his work. His bathers seem as steady, almost as "Egyptian" in their serene stasis as Seurat's. This balance he wrested from the camera, in part. The significance of his profilings presupposes the transient progress of shapes swarming toward precise balance, the very negation of what the camera showed him. To him, photography was an inverse aid.

Also, a positive comfort. Eakins was martyrized because he believed the nude was the basis of plastic art, and nakedness was an essential condition of psychic health. The horrible morality of 19th-century bourgeois America deepened tragic density in an artist who made of his isolation and resentment work superior to all rage and indignation. There can be few more touching documents in art history than pictures Eakins took, or had taken, of himself, his students, in the nude. In the fastness of his studio, in

ROSE WINDOW

Eyes peer through black glasses.

Perception is blind.
The swift angel of sight
is a night rider.

Eyes alight
Dark swallows them
and the bat has wings
even though it hides
sleeping upside down.

The wings, black, are luminous too.

I do not know their colors
though I look at the many-colored rose window
that is opaque.

Harriet Zinnes

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escapes to beach and swimming hole, he was briefly freed to luxuriate in the absolute proximity of the human body, in its quickness, grace, vulnerability. From these groupings one gains the image of a marvelous guru, guiding his dedicated adepts out of the miasma of Calvinist hypocrisy into a living Arcadia which, through his magic, leads into no resurrected Greece, but into a modern landscape where Attic values were declared openly. The fullness and sweetness of his girls, the wholly unself-conscious frontal frankness of his boys and men are illustrations of Walt Whitman's spirit far superior to the portraits he repeatedly snapped and painted of Walt's good grayness, smothered in a fog of whiskers.

Reviewing the London show, Edward Lucie-Smith (in a penetrating notice in a recent *New Statesman*), wrote that pornographic photographs are always more arousing than drawings, since what is presented actually occurred and was neither edited nor merely imagined. Philadelphia condemned itself to believe Eakins was managing some sort of brothel, since he claimed girls had as much right to draw from "life" as boys; that life, without quotes, consisted of bodies; that boys and girls should draw and paint each other as they were created. There is no hint of what we now nervously chart as vaguely courageous outrage. But fatally, or triumphantly, Eakins' nude photographs are charged with a psychic urgency springing from unforced, pervasive and vivid physicality, which however suppressed or repressed, he felt and came to express in his tender and exciting paintings. Far more than in his large labored "Crucified Christ" (Philadelphia), we sense in his portraits, under no matter what gown, coat or soutane, as ever present, the fact of physique. Flesh and blood, clothing the bones and muscle he knew so intimately, was the territory Eakins surveyed completely as his own. The photos of swimmers focus, as rarely before, the essential kinship between Eakins and Whitman, which despite their friendship, is disappointing in the paintings. The old Good Gray was an impersonation dreamed up by a prematurely ancient bard, who cast himself in a role into which he soon subsided. Impersonally, Eakins depicted the impersonation, not the poet.

Eakins' real pictures of Whitman, in all his encyclopedic amplitude, "the man who suffered, who was *there*" are in the stern daring and precision of his masterpieces, in the averted gesture of the patient's mother under the scarlet scalpel of Dr. Gross's clinic, in the pathos of the small black boy jigging for his father, in the heroic pyramid of shining young men on their wet shelf of rock. Whitman's interminable catalogs of data stored in his vast mental filing cabinet of haphazard information, finally reduced itself to the granite inscription of "I sing the body electric." Eakins' obsession with photography led to a like concentration. Lucie-Smith wrote that "the painter recreates the world; the photographer spies on it. His excitement lies in preserving what should be ephemeral, in making public what is essentially private."

Eakins was forced into a prison of privacy. In his photographs he is free, not alone to pose models as he likes, but to play with them as he loves, surrounded, reassured, comforted by the warmest, most difficult subject available to any artist. He could take his train back to the deathly City of Brotherly Love, having for a few sunny hours basked in a truly heavenly hedonism. Some day, a book there must be setting out Eakins' pictures against his photographs; till then, this book is one way to know Eakins as a person, an observer, if not as a painter. □

Portents, Prodigies, Miracles

LEAF STORM AND OTHER STORIES. *By Gabriel García Márquez. Translated by Gregory Rabassa. Harper & Row. 146 pp. $6.50.*

RONALD DE FEO
Mr. De Feo's short stories have appeared in the Transatlantic, Massachusetts, North American *and* Roanoke Reviews.

The towns are dreary and sleepy. The people, somewhat sleepy themselves, are a little bored, a little weary, but resigned to their uneventful lives. The weather, which is warm and unchanging, adds to the general monotony. The nights are so peaceful, says a woman in one of the towns, that she can hear "the millenary sound that the earth makes as it spins on its rusty, unoiled axis." García Márquez's lively imagination transforms these South American towns into quietly fantastic places. In his remarkable, energetic novel, *One Hundred Years of Solitude*, he carefully balanced reality and fantasy to make the improbable and the impossible occurrences in the town of Macondo appear quite natural and commonplace. When, for example, the author told us that a baby had been born with a pig's tail, we accepted the event because it happened in such an earthy, human, "real" world, and because the author recorded it so casually.

In this new collection of short stories, when García Márquez tells us about a drowned giant who is washed up on a beach one day, or an old angel who is driven into a village by a storm, we suspend our disbelief. García Márquez always includes details that give reality to the fantasy, help us believe in the unbelievable. In "A Very Old Man with Enormous Wings" he creates a very human angel, who has obviously traveled and suffered much: ". . . He had an unbearable smell of the outdoors, the back side of his wings was strewn with parasites and his main feathers had been mistreated by terrestrial winds, and nothing about him measured up to the proud dignity of angels." When the author mentions, in his story about a phony miracle worker, a woman who has been changed into a tarantula the size of a room for disobeying her parents, he feels it necessary to add that "her only nourishment came from meatballs that charitable souls chose to toss in her mouth."

Although García Márquez's people easily accept fantastic events and beings, at times those events and beings do stir and affect them. The townspeople described in "The Handsomest Drowned Man in the World" come to see the contrast between the beautiful dead giant and their grim little village and colorless lives: "While they fought for the privilege of carrying him on their shoulders along the steep escarpment by the cliffs, men and women became aware for the first time of the desolation of their streets, the dryness of their courtyards, the narrowness of their dreams as they faced the splendor and beauty of their drowned man." In another story, "Monologue of Isabel Watching It Rain in Macondo," the unnatural event at first seems quite natural. After a dry, hot summer a storm hits Macondo and rain pours down. Isabel and her stepmother are "paralyzed, drugged by the rain, given over to the collapse of nature with a peaceful and resigned attitude." A cow, which has wandered into the garden, stands still, quite hypnotized. The animal begins to sink slowly into the mud. And then, the author says, "she stood motionless for half an hour, as if she were already dead but could not fall down because the habit of being alive prevented her." When reports reach Isabel that rubbish and dead animals are floating through the streets and that the church is about to collapse, she is terrified. After a sleepless night, during which she thinks of the dead floating in the cemetery, she awakens to find that the storm has passed. Now, Isabel is pregnant and is anxious

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about her condition. Moreover, in the title story, she is portrayed as a woman given to fantasies. Her readiness to accept the heavy rainstorm as an apocalyptic event may simply indicate how troubled and tense she is, and how her active imagination transforms the commonplace into the fantastic.

In "The Last Voyage of the Ghost Ship," the shortest and most interesting story in the collection, García Márquez again portrays a character with a lively imagination. The young man in this story lives near a bay and he has a recurring vision of a huge ocean liner entering it, running onto the shoals and sinking without a sound. He tells his mother and the people of his village what he has witnessed, but they say that he's crazy. When he sees the great ship again, he steals a boat and rows out to meet it. With a lantern he hopes to guide it away from the shoals and into the village of unbelievers. We ourselves can believe in the vision because the author describes it so vividly. ". . . All the lights went on at the same time so that the boilers wheezed again . . . and there was a clatter of plates and a fragrance of laurel sauce in the kitchens, and one could hear the pulsing orchestra on the . . . decks and the throbbing of the arteries of high-sea lovers in the shadows of the staterooms." When the ship comes into the village, its lights illuminate the stones of the streets, the doors of the houses—and then "the huge steel cask shattered the ground and one could hear the neat destruction of ninety thousand five hundred champagne glasses breaking, one after the other, stem to stem." The ship finally goes aground in front of the church, "whiter than anything, twenty times taller than the steeple and some ninety-seven times longer than the village, with its name engraved in iron letters, *Halálcsillag,* and the ancient and languid waters of the seas of death dripping down its sides." Since all this is described in great detail, and since we are told that the townspeople are gazing at the ghost ship, we are uncertain whether the event is an extension of the young man's dream or if his dream has actually materialized. García Márquez seems to be saying here: Why not, why couldn't it happen, don't fantastic things happen in the world, isn't our world as unpredictable as the world I have created?

García Márquez's early work, which is in a much quieter vein (see his other collection of short stories, *No One Writes to the Colonel*), is represented in this volume by "Nabo" and "Leaf Storm." In both of these early stories, however, there are mysterious elements that foreshadow the fantasies to come. In "Nabo," an unusually somber story for this au-

Remedios Guanzon.

Father dead.

Mother blind.

REMEDIOS GUANZON
AGE 5. Father dead. TB. Mother blind. Earns a few pennies begging. Brother is a scavenger. Remedios guides mother's hands to spots on clothes that require particular scrubbing. Family lives in one small room. Must crawl through small opening to enter. Walls from material found at city dump. No facilities. Help to Remedios means help to entire family.

Thousands of children as needy as Remedios anxiously await "adoption" by you or your group. Choose a boy or girl from Viet Nam, the Philippines, Republic of Korea, Indonesia, Peru, Ecuador, Colombia, Brazil, or Bolivia.

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thor, a stable boy who has been kicked senseless by a horse is locked up by the people for whom he has worked. They feel that he is now useless, but they cannot bring themselves to kill him. He remains imprisoned for fifteen years. In *Leaf Storm*, a novella and the first book García Márquez wrote, a colonel in Macondo (the mythical town which is the setting for *One Hundred Years of Solitude*) is determined to get a decent burial for a doctor who has hanged himself and whom the townspeople hated because of his refusal long ago to treat some wounded men. Throughout the story, told by three different narrators, there are references to him, but we never really learn much about him. *Leaf Storm* is not only a story of the doctor and the family he has lived with but also a story of Macondo, for as the three narrators jump back and forth in time to tell of the doctor and reflect on their own lives, we get glimpses of their town and slowly piece together its strange history. The leaf storm that hits the town is really a storm of corruption. A banana company arrives and the town booms, then declines and decays. As in *One Hundred Years of Solitude*: "Ivy invades the houses, weeds grow in the alleys, walls crumble, and in the middle of the day a person finds a lizard in her room. . . ." The decay is not only physical and financial but spiritual as well. The townspeople, the family, the doctor all suffer a spiritual decline. Isabel, one of the narrators, believes that God has declared Macondo unnecessary and has "thrown it into the corner where towns that have stopped being of service to creation are kept." The comment can also apply to Macondo's people, for they too have stopped being of service to creation.

Throughout this collection, the wit is in evidence that made *One Hundred Years of Solitude* such a delight. In the story about the angel, the author points out that his chief character wasn't much of a miracle worker, and he gives examples: "Like the blind man who didn't recover his sight, but grew three new teeth, or the paralytic who didn't walk but almost won the lottery. . . ." We assume that he is now finished with his jokes about the angel's ineptness, but then he tells us that the family, which has been plagued by crabs wandering into the house, has saved enough money to build a mansion "with balconies and gardens and high netting so that crabs wouldn't get in during the winter, and with iron bars on the windows so that angels wouldn't get in." That reference to angels catches the reader off guard.

But for all the brilliance of these tales, *Leaf Storm* is a little disappointing. The title story, though it has memorable passages, seems too long and, despite the shifts in narrators and the jumbled time scheme, somewhat static and flat. The narration lacks the drive of *One Hundred Years of Solitude*. The recent stories are much livelier. But perhaps the reader who comes to *Leaf Storm* after reading the masterwork has already been so thoroughly initiated into García Márquez's odd world that he must find the fantasy of the shorter works disappointing. In any case, it does seem that for García Márquez a change of pace is now in order. He has already written a great novel. One would not want him to become a mere vendor of miracles. □

If Your Drink Is Bitter, Be Wine

SELECTED POEMS. *By Arthur Gregor. Doubleday & Co. 239 pp. $6.95.*

CHRISTOPHER COLLINS
Mr. Collins' books of criticism include The Act of Poetry *(Random House), and* The Uses of Observation *(Mouton). His poems and articles have appeared in a number of literary journals.*

Any twenty-five-year retrospective collection of poems is likely to be interesting. Arthur Gregor's *Selected Poems,* ranging in time from 1946 to 1971, offers the reader an especially intriguing spiritual and artistic autobiography. I say "autobiography" because, unlike many of his contemporaries, Gregor has placed himself in the meditative center of his poems.

Born in Vienna in 1924, Gregor came to America in 1939, one year after Nazi troops marched into Austria. His earliest poems show what may be the effects of a slow process of artistic naturalization. Written between the ages of 22 and 27, they introduce us to a young poet still laboring within inherited and borrowed modes of expression: Biblical apocalypse alternates with surrealist dandyism, and his lines convey an effect of rigidity verging on rhythmic catatonia. But out of an antique shop of brittle literary personas, we see gradually emerge a person, and with him a hard-won strategy for personal survival.

It is perhaps not until the publication of *Basic Movements* in 1966 that Gregor himself begins to be an authentic maker of poems, or, as Blake would say, a man inspired by his own "firm persuasion." His literary stance is described aptly in the epigraph to that book: "In the world, not of it," a dualism which fortunately does not serve to insulate the poet, but rather to sting him into new and continual realizations of himself. He has learned, he says, to yield to an impulse to stream outward into a sometimes painful collision with the Other; in one poem he calls this impulse the "Runaway Spirit":

As a tree feels itself most
when a storm tears at its roots,
. . . . . .
what lives knows itself best
when it is suffering most.

This is, of course, no new discovery. It is at least as old as Isaiah and, as a Romantic formula for self-realization, is well within the tradition of Keats, Whitman and Frost. But every personal discovery is valuable not only when it is new to the human race but when it is new to the discoverer, and when he has the skill and courage to continue to explore its consequences.

The two epigraphs which Gregor chose for this present volume point in the direction his explorations have taken him:

> It is experience that must prove the existence of anything.
> —Sri Atmananda
>
> *Was ist deine leidenste Erfahrung?*
> *Ist dir Trinken bitter, werde Wein.*
> —Rainer Maria Rilke

"Experience," in the context of his poetry, is that of solitary self molding itself through its own vulnerability to events. There is at times a pathetic, if not masochistic, aspect to this attitude. The self is the "Single Flower of the Field" who

said to the wind about to tear
it at its root: "Do what you will!

"Your force across this field
stings every vein in me.
Dumbstruck I was when first
you took my pollen and my leaves.
But you have seen yourself in me,
have made me what you are,
and my oblivion has ceased."

One thinks of Goethe's "Heidenröslein." The epigraph from Rilke, however, adds a further dimension. "What is your most painful experience? /If your drink is bitter, be wine." Gregor is not merely reacting to stimuli, is not merely being prodded into poetry. He has discovered an inner sweetness, and it is to that transmuted wine that he turns continually for vision and meaning.

His debt to Rilke seems to be considerable; in the work of changing self into wine it would have been hard to ignore the precepts of that master alchemist. Gregor's "Awakening Mystery,"

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from *Figure In the Door* (1968), is rich with that sense of expectation and miracle that we feel in the *Duino Elegies*. It begins:

Leaving the place to which you are accustomed,
whose unknown corners sufficiently localized
you think of less and less
and forget them day by day;
leaving the place whose mystery
is never fully explored
because it has become familiar
and you do not accept
what you will never know. . . .

This and "Shadowplay," from the same volume, are perhaps his most recognizable homages to the master. Nevertheless most of his poems of the 1960s radiate an inwardness which he owes as much to his own spiritual kinship with Rilke as to his study of that poet.

There are no easily recognizable similarities to Whitman in these twenty-five years of poems, yet this cumulative work, which May Swenson has called "one continuous poem, the Song of Himself," is premised on a very similar formulation: the solitary self, "both in and out of the game and watching and wondering at it," or, as Gregor phrased it with more overtly religious overtones, "In the world, but not of it. . . ." It is not surprising then that Gregor has discovered for himself some of the same perceptual modes which Whitman used to transcend the impasse of Self versus Not-Self. One of these modes apparently involves a sense of interpenetration of observer and spectacle, an imaginative interabsorption of poet and environment. (The word "absorb" recurs again and again.) For example, to be alien and to be recognized as such *is to be welcomed* by those who recognize in him their own tragic estrangement:

Alien in environments he has come to for the first time,
he is nevertheless at home in the eyes of those who look
upon the strangeness he creates,
. . . . . .
And he who becomes he in the eyes of others,
who is alien regardless of the intimacy with which he receives
the streets he walks on for the first time,
he who is stranger to those who marvel at the foreign way
in which he moves—his ease as though gliding—
is it any wonder that when he comes into a street
when he sits on a bench or stands before a painting,
when the sky trembles in his eyes,
that he weeps?
For what is he but response?
And he flows into that which flows into him as a wave into the sea
and the sea into waves
and both are water
both are one.

—"The Unworldliness That He Creates" (*Figure In the Door*, 1968)

In such poems as the one quoted above and "First Snow, Brooklyn Harbor," Gregor seems to adopt the perceptual strategies Whitman employed in "Song of Myself," "Song of the Open Road" and "Crossing Brooklyn Ferry."

In these poems published in the late 1960s, his earlier sense of inner isolation and his outward perception of sharply contoured space yield to a fluid freedom which, though long an admired condition (see "The Wingbeat" and "St. Francis"), he had never before applied so deliberately to himself as person and artist. ("Movement transformed into art is an attempt to show this:/ that form is so multifaceted it cannot be solid."—"The Unworldliness That He Creates.") "First Snow, Brooklyn Harbor" presents a similar vision of the final oneness of reality, a vision of Being as eternal interchange, as flowing, as ultimately changeless process. The people who stand on the promenade overlooking Brooklyn Harbor and watch the first snow falling even

. . . if they cannot assume the stand
that that which is in them, into which
each flake dissolves and all perceptions flow,
is changeless, and they the beholder of changes;—
they do, just the same, sense with longing
something of permanence, knowing, as they do,
only the changes; . . . [they are] *. . . for a moment absorbed*
in a depth that is the quiet of the whiteness
descending. . . .

Where Gregor is going from this visionary height is uncertain. In the relatively long-lined meditative poems included in *Figure in the Door* (1968) he seems to have achieved a provisional solution to the problem of Self versus Not-Self. The poems selected from his 1970 volume *A Bed by the Sea* and his "New Poems" seem inspirited with a new sense of liberation. Some of the same themes are here, but their treatment is surer and more direct.

What is perhaps most remarkable in these later poems is the emergence of a new voice, speaking directly, and a new thematic freedom. The lines assume the accentual dimeter and trimeter of spoken phrases and remind one of the strength of the late poetry of Williams and of the easy sureness of Levertov:

The evening says: all that you see,
all that you see, is here.
It too is worthy. Uncreated,

or made to meet a demand.
All that is here is real.
It too flows into the sea, the sky

whose expanse, whose
throbbing intelligence
you will not, need not know.

All that is here goes, flows,
it is a web, a drop
Upon your eye. Your eye.

—from "Horizon's West" (1970)

The spirituality for which the poetry of Arthur Gregor has long been noted seems now on its way to incarnation. □

A Fantasy out at Elbows

I AM ELIJAH THRUSH. *By James Purdy. Doubleday & Co. 120 pp. $4.95.*

ROBERT BOYD
Mr. Boyd teaches English at Meramec Community College, St. Louis.

Mr. Purdy's admirers, who may have been expecting the second volume of the trilogy he began in 1970 with *Jeremy's Version*, are likely to find this very brief book puzzling. *Jeremy's Version* was not entirely successful, but it worked in interesting directions, and showed us what seemed to be a developing concern on Mr. Purdy's part for the substance of the human issues which have always lurked beneath his magical surfaces. *I Am Elijah Thrush*, far from being the second installment of *Sleepers in Moon-Crowned Valleys*, is a reversion to the free-flowing, explosive, but ultimately rather thin expressionism of his earliest fictions, *63: Dream Palace* and *Malcolm*, and as such is something of a disappointment.

Albert Peggs, a young black of impressive physique, sly intellect and opportunistic morals, serves as narrator and protagonist, announcing his situation on the second page: "My sole passion is my habit, and my task here is to earn for that habit by reciting the exploits of Elijah, as dictated by his 'paramour' Millicent DeFrayne." (The habit, by the way, is the care, feeding and fetishistic worship of a golden eagle, which Albert eventually can sustain only by allowing

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it to feed on his own raw flesh.) The story he tells, his task to the contrary, is about himself, and the ways in which he impinges upon two people, whom he sets forth this way: "Millicent DeFrayne, who was young in 1913, languished of an incurable ailment, her willful, hopeless love for Elijah Thrush, 'the mime, poet, painter of art nouveau,' who, after ruining the lives of countless men and women, was finally himself in love, 'incorrectly, if not indecently,' with his own great-grandson." Albert finds himself being used by both characters as Millicent plots to catch her reluctant lover and he struggles to escape. Meanwhile the two battle for possession of Albert and of the great-grandson, Bird of Heaven. Albert draws closer and closer to Elijah; after Millicent finally gets her man, he assumes Elijah's identity—at which point the book ends.

Such a sparse collection of events has little significance without the understanding, which Mr. Purdy has always implicitly demanded of us, that "fiction" can include not only narrations of logically related and motivated events but also descriptions of random interactions between people and objects, places and times. He also insists upon the arbitrariness of those elements, seeming to think of them as detachable and easy to reshape—not as observations to be rendered faithfully but as inventions, gamepieces, to be rendered in whatever way he pleases.

To put it another way, Mr. Purdy is and has been a fantasist, despite the creeping realism of some of his short stories. His writing is clearly an outgrowth of the uniquely American strain of comic-nihilistic fantasy which sprang from Nathaniel Hawthorne's guilty Puritan nightmares and bloomed in the 1930s at the hands of Nathanael West. Unfortunately, as satire has gradually been overwhelmed by the absurdity of mid-century life and this dark fantasy has spread and rooted itself in our art, Mr. Purdy's fiction, shocking and revolutionary in the beginning, has come to seem conservative and familiar.

This novel (or novella, to be accurate, since it is scarcely longer than 100 pages) is gory enough, perhaps even more macabre than Purdy usually lets himself get; yet compared to other current books like Malamud's *The Tenants* it is gentle, and compared to current movies it is absolutely demure. Too, Purdy's polymorphous-perverse sexuality, though it permeates this book as it does practically everything he has written, pales into ingenuousness next to the meticulous concupiscence of Establishment writing. And in an era in which controversy seems to be the lifeblood of literature, Purdy eschews mention of politics, war and ecology, and handles the issue of racism with such a soft touch that one is scarcely aware of the protagonist's color.

But not all of the tameness of *I Am Elijah Thrush* derives from Purdy's lack of interest in keeping up with the fictional *avant-garde*. The terms of this novel are much—perhaps too much—the same as those of *Malcolm* and *63: Dream Palace*. The characters are grotesque, animated masks; Albert describes Elijah Thrush as "a kind of swimming agglutination of mascara, rouge, green tinting, black teeth, and hair like the plumage in a deserted crow's nest." From Albert's open wound come not viscera but "matter." Here as in *Malcolm* the action is guided by chance meetings between strangers which lead immediately to emotional or sexual intimacy, or both; here as in *63: Dream Palace* the tension derives from a struggle for the body and soul of a young, vigorous, natural man between an obscenely dominant old woman and an effeminate if not overtly homosexual old man, both monsters of artifice. Finally, the action is set both in and quite apart from the real world; buildings and rooms are surreal and their relationship to the announced scene tenuous and shifting. As everywhere in Purdy's writing, time is bent and elided, sequence is sometimes preserved, sometimes not. The net effect of these terms is the generation of the essential condition of fantasy, a disregard for logic so obvious and so pervasive that the reader is willing to suspend disbelief almost from the first page. But where the younger James Purdy took us by surprise, the maturing writer of the 1970s does not, not because his effects are any less imaginative but because they are not, in this novel at least, any more so.

This is another way of saying that Purdy's fantasy does not seem to wear very well, and that is another way of saying that lately nobody's does, since there is certainly no writer around with more native genius than Purdy has. It is hardly his fault that scores of imitations have reduced the brilliant originalities of *Malcolm* to technical clichés in less than fifteen years. But even a rising public threshold of titillation is not reason enough for the perishability of the kind of fantasy the new book represents. The crippling flaw is shallowness. Mr. Purdy, who had seemed in his last two novels to be working more deeply, has gone back to his earlier concern for surfaces, willing again to devote himself to the creation of marvelously complicated designs which are—too often—unrelated to man and therefore, ultimately, without interest.

In a short piece called "Sermon," part of the collection *Children Is All*, Purdy gave fair warning: "Ladies and people, listen to me. I have no Good Part to give you. My only message, if it can be called one, and I do not call it one, I call it nothing, my message to you is that there is no message." *Cabot Wright Begins* and *Jeremy's Version* seemed to indicate that he had moved away from that line of thought, and those of us who admire his talent had been waiting to see how he would develop. *I Am Elijah Thrush* is doubly disappointing for us, first because it seems to imply a return by Purdy to the spirit of "Sermon," and second, because—taken purely as fantasy—it lacks the inventiveness and originality which brought his earlier work such well-deserved acclaim. □

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

Arthur Miller's *The Crucible* is almost twenty years old. Since its first performance I have seen it in an intimate Off-Broadway presentation, then in London at the Royal Court Theatre and again in Paris in an "operatically" elaborate mounting that starred Yves Montand and Simone Signoret. Now at the Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center, under John Berry's direction and with sets of exemplary simplicity by Jo Mielziner, the play stands forth for what it is: a work of impressive dramatic and moral strength.

When it was presented in 1953, its "topicality" alienated some people who saw in it little more than "propaganda." *The Crucible* was viewed chiefly as a protest against the plague of McCarthyism. With the play's outcry, "Is the accuser always holy?" it was to some extent what its adversaries accused it of being, a denunciation of the causes and a treatment of the effects of the disease that poisoned the atmosphere in which we lived. The play was misleading, so the criticism went, in suggesting an analogy between the McCarthy terror and the hanging of the Salem witches, because we know that witches do not exist, whereas Communists do. What the play does in fact depict is the way in which hysteria can confuse and drive a community to crime, when special interests foster it and when its citizens are too ignorant to combat it. Yet even that is not the play's chief issue.

Now that McCarthy is gone and the wound he inflicted is largely healed, *The Crucible* may be viewed in its true light. It is a link in the chain of Miller's main

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WALLACE STEVENS
(for G.E.M.)

Wallace Stevens, how could you do it?
How could you possibly get up each day,
Dress yourself in a slick suit (rich—
Not gaudy), snap your briefcase shut,
Go down to the office at Hartford?
And where did you get those words?
Certainly not from your stenographer!
(Her name was Suzie, *not Susanna.)*
How she squealed when you revealed
Poems tucked between her legal briefs!
Wallace Stevens, how could you do it:
You with the cufflinks, with the crew-cut.
We want our poets to eat pomegranates,
To have red eyes and hair like horses.
Wallace Stevens, you wrote your verses
Even as Nobel made his dynamite.

Ilmars Purens

theme: we are all responsible to one another and to that truth within us which we hold most worthy. Only in the preservation of our "name" (our true being) do we acquire dignity in our own and our neighbors' eyes. This constitutes the highest fortitude and honor.

The honest farmer John Proctor, susceptible to temptation, fearful of death, no "hero" to his wife or friends, chooses to die rather than sign a false confession, one assenting to betrayal of truth and treachery to his fellow citizens. This "gratuitous" sacrifice to a sense of inner, and ultimately social, rectitude is at the core of *The Crucible* and several of Miller's other plays.

The play's language is at once formal and pristine, stalwart as an oak without losing any of the grace of nature or the tongue of those who for generations have read the Scripture and spoken in its rhythm. The play's structure is tight, steady and clean as the 17th-century New England which is its scene.

The Crucible is the best of the Lincoln Center's productions at the Vivian Beaumont Theatre. It has unity. All the players give better than adequate accounts of themselves and of their roles. The newcomer, Robert Foxworth as Proctor, is attractively strong in physique, forthright in delivery, genuine in sentiment. Pamela Payton-Wright, an actress who has hitherto impersonated only gentle and reticent young women, here lends her delicate sensibility to more dangerous employment as the minx whose desire for Proctor and jealousy of his wife light the fire that inflames the town. Philip Bosco is an almost prissy Puritan reverend who, through tormented conscience, becomes as passionately eloquent in his contrition as the monk Stogumber in Shaw's *Saint Joan*. Stephen Elliott, in the difficult role of the deputy governor, finely engraves a semi-stylized portrait of the self-assured ruler of his narrow realm.

One serious flaw, however, must be mentioned because it pertains not only to this production but to a general criticism of present-day American acting. Too many of our actors—especially the younger ones—who are intelligent and probably gifted, seem unable to convey the expression of heightened emotion in clear speech. We see them undergoing tremors of violent feeling but we do not understand what they are saying. Even some of the more experienced actors become unintelligible when the lines they are called upon to utter require especially rapid pace.

To remedy this defect, as Tyrone Guthrie once pointed out, requires daily work for at least four years. And long ago Stanislavsky, the "father figure" for most young American actors today, told me he found that actors who would earnestly devote themselves to the discovery of a true inner life for their parts became lazy when the incessant work on proper diction was involved. It was a matter on which he was insistent to the point of fanaticism. Actors should never forget how frustrated the spectator becomes when gasps of excitement issue from the stage with no distinct verbal meaning.

The Real Inspector Hound by Tom Stoppard, together with his shorter, one-act *After Magritte*, have found favor with a majority of reviewers and perhaps with many other theatregoers. (Theatre Four: 424 West 55th Street.) Stoppard is the author of *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead*, a winner of several awards during the 1967-68 season. It was a clever play—a sort of witty appendix to *Hamlet* that rang changes on a Beckett-like theme.

After Magritte is a quasi-surrealist parody of the English police melodrama. It has its amusing moments, but for the most part I found it heavy going. *The Real Inspector Hound*, which offers more entertainment, is a mockery of a routine murder mystery, accompanied by caricatures of dramatic critics whose professional behavior, lack of literary style, vanities, ambition, jealousies and private peccadilloes are facetiously drubbed as they sit in a side box—where critics never sit.

The gimmick in the play is that the critics become fancifully mixed up in the action of the murder mystery they are reviewing. The second-string critic is gnawed by envy of his superior and other journalists more favorably placed, and finally murders one of them who may have been having an affair with the leading lady in the show—and so on and so forth in salty extravagance.

This is "university wit," which is another way of defining undergraduate pranks seasoned by latter-day airs of sharp sophistication and British toniness. I tried hard to enjoy the event, but found it trivial and arid. The satire of old-

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fashioned mysteries and of theatre critics—all very "in" jokes—interests me hardly at all. I write about these at best slight offerings out of deference to those who have a taste for such things—their number may be greater than I suppose —which I shall refrain from designating as silly ass snobbery. David Rounds as the second-stringer and Tom Lacy as the more fully established critic are both effective. □

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MUSIC / David Hamilton

So rarely is any form of serious music given prime-time network TV exposure, that the "highlights" program drawn from the Metropolitan Opera's Gala for Rudolf Bing (April 30, CBS) deserves mention, if only to deplore the use made of the opportunity. To the "in" opera public, it was conceivably an intelligible hour's worth of entertainment: a concert of out-of-context bits and pieces, performed in evening dress before assorted irrelevant settings, interlarded with gushingly laudatory announcements by Risë Stevens. For vocal students, indeed, it may have been fascinating, for close-ups of the singers' facial expressions were interesting with respect to methods of tone production, although the notorious deficiencies of television-set sound hardly made for reliable matching of eye and ear.

But here was an exceptional chance to expose the Metropolitan to a fresh public—yet not the slightest gesture was made in that direction. Under the circumstances, proper staging and costuming may have been unfeasible, but why not some explanation of the dramatic situations, the textual content of the excerpts, even subtitles on the screen? Granted that an Otello in *frac*, singing in a Viennese salon, tends to resist rational explanation (and this Otello declined to kiss his Desdemona, all the while singing "*Un bacio ancora*"), but is there much advantage in further propagating the Met's already unfortunate public image as the home of a particularly silly and old-fashioned, not to say *recherché*, form of entertainment? The uninformed viewer can hardly have guessed that Bing's regime was (at times, anyway) noted for its serious attention to dramatic values in opera. Such concerts to celebrate rites of passage are more or less standard in the operatic world, and unexceptionable in that context, but, given the eventuality of nationwide TV, one can only regret that some presentation more representative of opera's genuine substance was not disseminated.

An event like the Gala is (no doubt fortunately) pretty close to unreviewable; for those who care what it sounded like, a commercial recording is apparently on the way. In any case, on the evening of the actual Gala (April 22), there was also available a remarkable concert by the Chicago Symphony Orchestra under George Solti, including the best performance to date of Elliott Carter's 1955 Variations for Orchestra. By comparison with the textural and rhythmic complexities of more recent Carter works, this one now seems relatively accessible, but not until the Chicago reading had it been played with such virtuosic panache and clarity, illuminating the layered sonorities and binding the whole into a single sweep.

By coincidence, the Variations also turned up on the Philharmonic program the same week, under Loren Maazel's direction—a creditable effort, conspicuously deficient only in the accelerating and decelerating variations. But the shortfall from the Chicago performance, as far as the listener's relation to the work was concerned, involved more than simple executive accuracy, or Solti's demoniac energy, or even the tangibly greater sonorous impact available to an orchestra in Carnegie Hall. One was a reading, the other a performance that set forth the score's contrasts with mercurial clarity, shaping its flow to underline connections and progressions that had previously been mainly implicit.

At an earlier concert (April 19), the Chicago offered a disappointing performance of Mahler's *Das Lied von der Erde*, the first local occasion in Solti's tenure when this orchestra has seemed less than impeccably prepared, with awkward balances, faulty overlap transitions, and inconsistent phrasings. Unlike the Carter, prepared for last season and toured in Europe during the summer, the Mahler was still being worked up. This circumstance suggests one answer to some of the sillier comparisons (including a handbill distributed at the second concert) being made between the New York and Chicago orchestras—there is quite a difference between a few showpiece tour concerts, selected to include the best of an orchestra's repertory, and what one hears week in and week out from the home company.

This is said, not to denigrate the truly extraordinary qualities of the visiting orchestra—but the Philharmonic's touring specialties can be pretty nearly as dazzling (a concert I heard last fall in Washington, under Boulez's direction, certainly was). And the Philharmonic in its own hall is still at a disadvantage against any first-rate band playing in Carnegie; neither the slightly deleterious modifications in the latter nor the tangible improvements at Lincoln Center in recent years have appreciably closed the presence-and-impact gap—and this may be one reason why Solti can sell out Schoenberg and Carter while Boulez gets protests about equally unfamiliar (and less complex) Berg and Liszt. The Chicago Symphony is absolutely a great orchestra —but it is hardly fair to use these concerts as a stick with which to beat the Philharmonic. □

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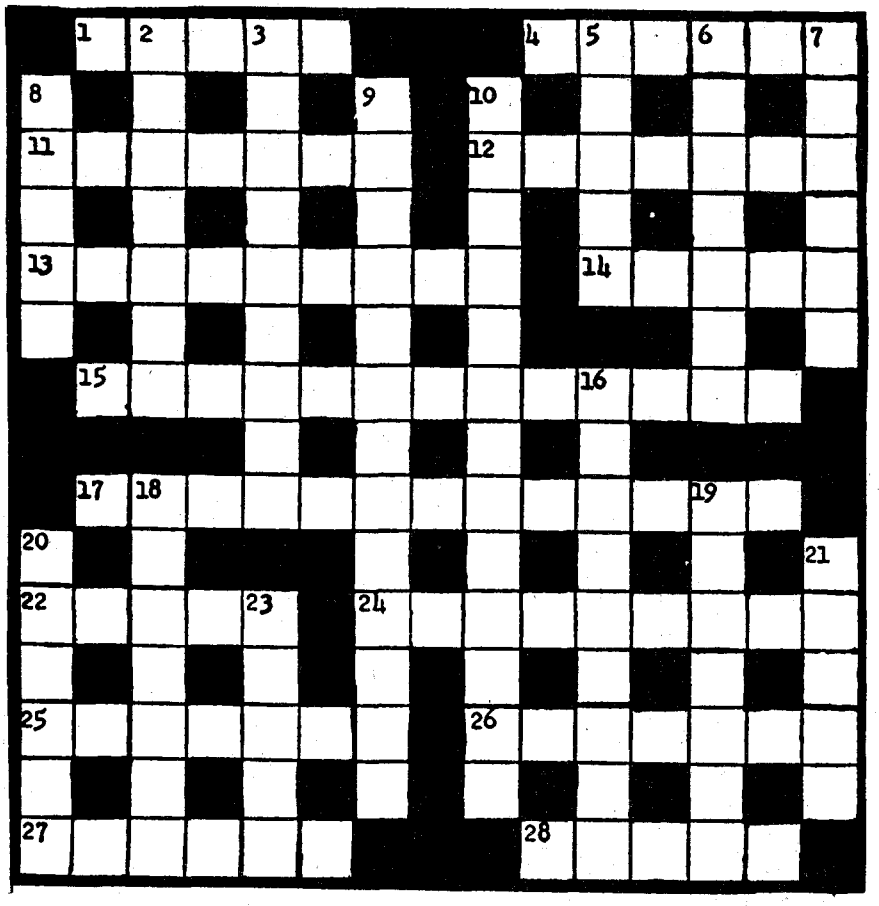
Crossword Puzzle No. 1442

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 and 18 down The poor sailor doesn't like to see what you can do with a penny or so. (5,3,4)
4 An arrangement of "Day-O", very loud, doesn't find one at his best. (3-3)
11 Knock everything, and nothing but port will be available. (7)
12 Obviously the gear shouldn't be on one side. (7)
13 and 20 down Is the rider of commuter trains commonly one who is exploited, or just gets the bird? (9,6)
14 You might see it at the end of the summer vacation dance. (5)
15 28th in one category. (7,6)
17 And one after 15. (6,7)
22 By implication, where a literary 13 went. (5)
24 Seize with fright? (Really, gets very wary!) (5,4)
25 One might call for some spirit this way. (7)
26 A follower of Amos? (7)
27 Former foreign president engaged in China's service. (6)
28 Saw such from time to time? (5)

DOWN

2 It's really laid on thick! (7)
3 One version of the kitchen implement seems to promise "no more inferior vegetables." (9)
6 A ground upheaval in Mexico? (7)
7 Color certainly not associated with Crane's badge. (6)
8 and 5 down First, last, and altogether likely to be found on the table, especially at breakfast. (10)
9 How one might yearn to have something to push in time of danger and turn the wheel, like an old-time ranger! (4-4,5)
10 Obviously before 15, being the 7th. (6,7)
16 It could be a dismal day for a servant in the Victorian tradition, possibly. (5,4)
18 See 1 across.
19 In range, perhaps, or at least getting close to it! (7)
21 Was it supposed to make you forget articles from France and England? (5)
23 An entrance made of marble, perhaps. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZLE NO. 1441

ACROSS: 1 Criminal lawyers; 9 Leerers; 10 Proverb; 11 Fathom; 12 Dementia; 14 Roadsteads; 15 Taxi; 17 Ivan; 19 Scarlatina; 22 Protrude; 23 Missal; 25 Pitfall; 26 Regalia; 27 Yalta Conference. DOWN: 1 California poppy; 2 Inertia; 3 Icehouse; 4 Also; 5 Lip-readers; 6 Wooden; 7 Electra; 8 Sabbatical leave; 13 Peccadillo; 16 Malinger; 18 Apostil; 20 Insulin; 21 Armada; 24 Graf.

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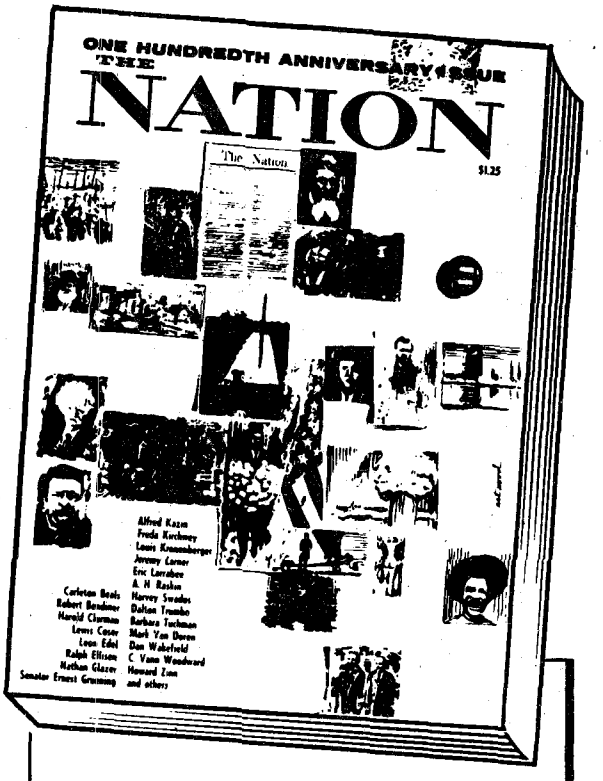

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